

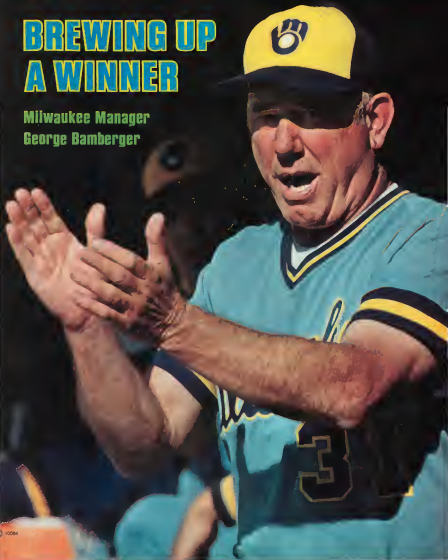
Sports Illustrated

APRIL 30, 1979

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Pete Giacchino

Pete Giacchino
New York City, New York

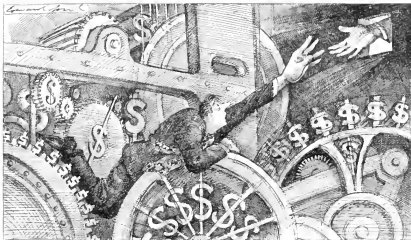


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BOOKTALK

By SAM MOSES

A PASSIONATE AFFAIR BETWEEN A MAN AND A FISH THAT SMELLS LIKE A MELON

John N. Cole's *Striper* (Little, Brown and Company, \$10) is, as the title implies, about that excellent sporting fish, the striped bass: its 19 chapters cover the life cycle of the fish as well as the history and practice of haul seining for stripers. But, most compellingly, *Striper* is also a poignant personal memoir of seven years in the life of the author, who as a young man in the '50s, worked as a haul seiner on Long Island Sound. "A Story of Fish and Man," *Striper* is perfect reading for a cozy winter evening in Maine, and, as a matter of fact, that's where much of the book was written: Cole is the co-founder and editor for 10 years of the *Maine Times*.

Cole is not the sort of writer who leaves you breathless. He leaves you calm, pensive and satisfied—satisfied not because he supplies the reader with answers but because he

presents his questions about the fate of the fish, and those who fish for it, clearly and honestly. The striped bass is an admitted passion with Cole, maybe an obsession. He finds this preoccupation with a stiper fairly inexplorable, and offers no explanation than to suggest that in another life he used to be one.

"I don't understand how the odor of fish can be so deeply absorbed," he writes. "We wear waders most of the working day. We must consume this essence of fish . . . by a kind of osmosis that transmutes the oils in the fish slime into a part of our own skins. It is not, for me, a disagreeable smell. Fresh fish have a kind of fruity scent, like ripe melon. It is a unique odor, one I have never smelled before, and one which I was once proud to acknowledge. When I first began fishing, the smell of my trade was witness to my participation. But now, when a southeaster keeps us from the beach, I get the time, at least, to scour most of the sand from my bed, to shake out my waders, to repair the broken buttons on my oilcoat, to patch my boots, to put on clean clothes—I would like the transformation to include an escape from the smell. It does not. No amount of bathing, no splash of after shave, no spray of cologne can subvert the smell of fish. The

striped bass go with me to the movies."

Despite the last line in this passage, the book exhibits little of the humor apparent in Cole's other writings. Evidently his emotions about the seven years spent fishing are too intense; it was a free, but not a frivolous, period. If Cole's relationship with striped-bass fishing could be condensed into one moment, it might be when he and three partners haul in their net only to find it contains the body of Smiley, the lovable old codger of the crew, who had fallen overboard six days earlier. It is a place where one wants to close the book for the night, go to sleep, and not begin reading again until the next day.

Cole avoids lecturing the reader with the fact that he believes "the striped bass is being destroyed by the effects of the toxic chemicals which have penetrated every creek and tributary of the Chesapeake and every mile of the Hudson accessible to the fish." There is no moralizing in *Striper* and no easy answer to the destiny of the fish and its fishermen. However, as he asks, "What would be the message for the men who have assigned to this fish the qualities of courage, the virtues of bravery and strength? If this fish were to vanish, how much time would be left to the men who exist?"

END



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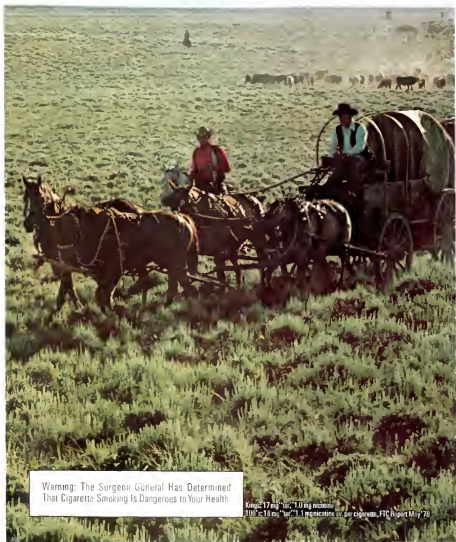
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

BOWIE'S ROLE

Say what you will about Bowie Kuhn, he has often acted forcefully when he felt "the integrity of baseball" was threatened. For better or worse, Kuhn opened spring training camps to break an owners' lockout in 1976, canceled some of Charlie Finley's big-dollar player sales and last week fined Bill Lee \$250 for having admitted using marijuana. By any measure, he is an activist commissioner.

In the current umpires' job action, Kuhn has done nothing. He has never spoken to Richie Phillips, the lawyer for the umpires, and he has remained conspicuously unresponsive to complaints that the substitute umpires have blown more than their share of calls. It is increasingly clear that insofar as the quality of umpiring is concerned, the big leagues are no longer big league. But Kuhn has left the resolution of the dispute to Lee MacPhail and Chub Feeney, presidents of the American and National Leagues, respectively.

Last week, discussing the job action with SF's Jane Kaplan, Kuhn noted that relations with umpires properly come under the control of the league presidents. He added that while he would like to see umpires "centralized" under his own control, the owners have so far blocked such a change. He allowed that he could intervene if his cherished "integrity of baseball" were in stake in the job action but he disputed those who say it is.

"I don't say the substitute umpires are as good as major league umpires," Kuhn said. "I think they're doing a workman-like job and there's no question about their honesty. The issue of 'integrity' is contrived."

Kuhn neatly sidestepped the question of the umpires' demand for more pay. "The two things to keep in mind are procedure and substance," he said. "I've acted in the past because I've been dissatisfied with procedure. In this case, on procedure, I feel the league presidents have been correct. The proper course would be for the umpires to sign their

contracts, report and develop meaningful communications. They're scheduled to discuss pensions in August and they could discuss other matters as well. The league presidents have said they will be open-minded if they are not, I will act."

This last vow offers a glimmer of hope for the umpires as well as for baseball fans. With a little prodding from Kuhn, MacPhail and Feeney could promise to conduct meaningful negotiations if the umpires returned to work. While that alone probably would not satisfy the umpires, an additional guarantee of mediation or binding arbitration might. Such a course would be in baseball's own best interests. Even Kuhn admitted last week that public opinion was shifting in favor of the umpires. Encouragingly, MacPhail and Feeney were huddling with Phillips at week's end in hopes of getting the umpires back to work.

A T' ON THE NCAA

Notre Dame's annual All-Campus Bookstore Basketball Tournament (SI, May 15, 1978) is a special kind of undergraduate madness. By tradition, it involves hundreds of loosely assembled teams consisting both of Joe O'Colleges and, until now, of members of the Irish varsity, who were dispersed for the occasion, no more than one to any team. Thus, over the years ordinary students had a chance to play with stars like John Sluimate, Adrian Duntley and Kelly Tripucka.

When this year's 10-day tournament began last week, members of Digger Phelps' varsity were on the sidelines. The NCAA had ruled that Notre Dame basketball players who took part would be violating the prohibition against outside "organized competition." The NCAA obviously was concerned that unless it cracked down on Notre Dame, other schools might institute similar events as a way of sneaking in extra practice.

One wonders, though, why the NCAA can't simply decide on a case-by-case basis whether something sinister is going

on. As Leo Latz, the tournament director, points out, Notre Dame's just-for-fun event promoted the kind of fraternization between athletes and ordinary students that the NCAA has always professed to believe in. Latz also charges that by forcing varsity players out of a school activity open to other students, the NCAA is guilty of discriminating against them.

SEAGULLS IN THE DESERT

Las Vegas, which is smack in the middle of the desert 250 miles from the nearest ocean, has an American Soccer League franchise called—no joke—the Seagulls. Owner Victor Mevo explains the curious nickname in a little essay in the team program. It seems that Mevo, an airline marketing man, lives in Elmont, N.Y., a suburban town on Long Island. When he founded a semipro soccer team there in 1971 and was in need of a name, he thought of his many pleasant hours spent fishing on Long Island Sound. He

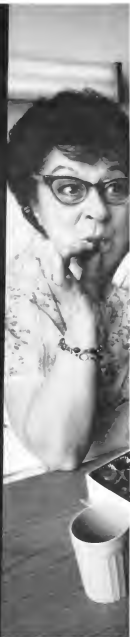


writes, "I couldn't help but admire the majestic white-gray creatures as they soared overhead, then swooped down into the cool waters of the Sound searching out their prey." The birds Mevo fondly recalls were evidently herring gulls, which are primarily scavengers but occasionally dove for fish. At any rate, Mevo called his team the Long Island Seagulls and kept the name when he moved the club to Las Vegas this season.

Given all this, Mevo naturally was pleased when gulls alighted recently in

continued

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be a word
for people who
take up
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Las Vegas' Silver Bowl Stadium, the team's home field. Ornithologists say they probably were California gulls, which often winter in Nevada. But Mevo prefers to think of the birds' advent as something more out of the ordinary. "There must have been a storm on the West Coast," he says. "Maybe they thought the field was a lake."

Or maybe they were attracted by the club's mascot—a costumed seagull with a six-foot wingspan named Siggy.

REFUGEE PROBLEM

There has been a change of plans for the prison that organizers mean to use as an Olympic Village for the 1980 Winter Games (SI, April 9). Under pressure from the International Olympic Committee, which was concerned about complaints that housing arrangements in the compound were claustrophobic, Lake Placid officials have decided to convert four-person rooms to triples, triples to doubles and doubles to singles. To make up for a resulting loss of 766 beds, they say that displaced athletes will be lodged in house trailers parked on the prison grounds.

SITE FIGHT

When the AAU International Track and Field Subcommittee met in New York Feb. 25 to select a site for the 1980 Olympic Trials, it had two eager bidders to choose from. One was Eugene, Ore., which had done an able job in staging the '72 and '76 Trials. The other was the track hotbed of Durham, N.C., whose representatives argued that if U.S. track was to be truly national in scope, the Trials ought to be held somewhere else for a change. By a vote of 15-14, the committee awarded the '80 Trials to Eugene.

Now it appears that the issue is still unresolved. Durham officials protested the vote, detailing such oversights as a failure to circulate copies of Durham's bid to all subcommittee members. The Durham contingent also blamed poor scheduling for the fact that nearly half of the 57 eligible voters had missed the meeting. The AAU Board of Athletics upheld the protest and the track subcommittee will reconvene at an undetermined location, probably in early June, to decide whether the irregularities justify another vote.

One of the Durham leaders is Duke Track Coach Al Buehler, who says, "We're not accusing anybody of dirty

politics. It's just that we don't consider it a good example of the democratic process when only 29 of 57 vote on an issue." If the subcommittee decides to reopen the matter, its members will again have to wrestle with such questions as whether Durham's greater humidity (SCORECARD, Feb. 19) is more irksome to distance runners than Eugene's higher pollen count. Significantly, Durham's boosters have advanced no new substantive arguments in their favor and Dick Hollander, the Richmond, Va. lawyer who is chairman of the AAU subcommittee, says, "I've gone over the irregularities and I honestly can't see what difference they make."

RETURN TO ACTION

As a teen-ager in Miami in the late '50s, John (Buster) Turk defeated tennis hot-shoes Charlie Pasarell and Frank Froehling III and was ranked 16th in the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association's 15-and-under division. But Turk argued with judges and tournament officials and acquired a reputation as a troublemaker. After an altercation in 1960, he was suspended by the Florida Tennis Association.

During the next few years Turk drank heavily and took amphetamines. In 1966, at 24, he lay near death in a hospital with alcohol-drug neuritis. He survived but was hospitalized on other occasions and also spent time in an alcohol rehabilitation center. When he was well enough to work, Turk dived for golf balls and held odd jobs. Sometimes he slept at a halfway house, at other times under a bridge near the Miami International Airport.

Turk eventually quit drugs and alcohol and got to thinking about tennis. "I remembered that playing tennis was the best time I ever had in my life," he recalls. Two years ago, at 34, he played his first competitive matches in 16 years, reaching the finals of a "B" tournament. Last fall, at the urging of Al Schlazer, tennis coach at Miami-Dade Community College's New World campus, he enrolled in school, joined the tennis team and moved into a nearby rooming house. And he said, "This is a much healthier atmosphere than what I'm used to."

Turk now is maintaining close to a B-plus average in physical education. He weighs a firm 170 pounds, 20 fewer than when he entered school. On the court, he doesn't hit hard but relies on placement, and Schlazer calls him "one of the smartest players I've ever seen." Playing

mostly No. 4 singles, Turk has a 14-2 record but recently suffered a minor fracture of the left kneecap. If the knee doesn't bother him too much, the 36-year-old freshman figures to be one of the favorites next month in the tough 29-school Florida junior college state tournament.

A DISTANCE YET TO GO

Jean Benoit, the Bowdoin College senior who set an American women's record of 2:35.15 in the Boston Marathon is unhappy with the International Olympic Committee. Noting that men compete at the Olympics in the 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs and marathon but that there is no women's race longer than 1,500 meters, Benoit says, "The Olympic Committee must think women are wimps."

The situation that aggravates Benoit isn't likely to change quickly. Before longer events for women can be added to the Olympic program, they must be approved by the International Amateur Athletic Federation. That organization sanctioned a women's 3,000-meter run for the 1977 World Cup and may consider adding women's 5,000 and 10,000 events when it meets during the 1980 Olympics in Moscow. But a battle is shaping up, while women's distance running is popular in the U.S., West Germany and Scandinavia, it has not won favor in the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries, which are cool to the idea of adding the longer events.

Even if the IAAF approves a 5,000 and 10,000 (a women's marathon is not even under consideration), there can be quite a time lag before the IOC acts. The 3,000 is a case in point. Although it has been three years since the IAAF approved a women's 3,000, the question of adding it to the 1984 Olympics was shelved when the IOC met earlier this month in Montevideo. One IOC insider said last week that the organization wants to be sure there is enough worldwide participation to justify adding a 3,000. He added that it also wants to be sure women can "physically handle" the distance.

THEY SAID IT

■ Oscar Gamble, Texas Ranger outfielder, on his disappointing 1978 season with the San Diego Padres, who had given him a six-year \$2.85 million contract: "Most of the San Diego fans didn't even know my name. They just called me 2.85. It was a long, long year." **END**



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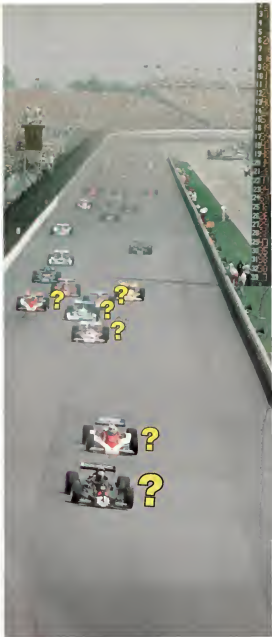
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After all, life is to enjoy.

A WAY TO UPSET CART

A feud between organizations that control Indy-car racing has now boiled over, and the Indianapolis 500 might have only one past winner on the grid

by **SAM MOSES**
and **BOB BROWN**



Last Sunday in Atlanta, at the second Indy-car event ever conducted by Championship Auto Racing Teams, Inc., even the winning team couldn't get very excited over victory. Tyler Alexander, manager of Team McLaren, which owns the car driven by Johnny Rutherford that won both 125-mile races of the Gould Twin Dixie, said that it certainly wasn't like winning the Indianapolis 500. As a matter of fact, just 36 hours before, Alexander had learned that his chances of seeing his car rolling onto Victory Lane at the Speedway this year may have been reduced to zero. That was when he

opened a Mailgram that read: "Your entry ... in the 83rd Annual 500-Mile International Sweepstakes at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway scheduled for Sunday May 27, 1979 is refused by the United States Auto Club, the Organizing Committee, because you are not in good standing with USAC."

There was more, such as the news that the \$1,000 entry fee per car would be returned, but that opening sentence really said it all. What happened was this after five months of fairly gentle pushing and shoving over who is going to control Indy-car racing, USAC had taken out a

tire iron and clobbered its rival CART, upside the head. Whether the young splinter group has enough resources to pick itself up off the garage floor and continue the fight remains to be seen.

Indeed, the question of whether Indy-car racing, be it conducted under USAC's or CART's auspices, can survive this bareknuckle boardroom brawling is almost as chancy a proposition. In addition to Rutherford, a two-time winner of the 500, drivers such as Al Unser (three Indy victories), his brother Bobby (two), Gordon Johncock (one) and Rick Mears (who qualified in the front row at the Speedway last year as a rookie) now also find themselves without rides for this year's "Greatest Spectacle in Racing" because the owners of their cars continued

The first six cars on the opening lap of the 1978 Indy 500 were driven by men who might not be at the Speedway this year. They are (top, from left) Danny Ongais (car No. 25), Tom Sneva (1), Johnny Rutherford (4), and (bottom) Gordon Johncock (20), Rick Mears (71), and winner Al Unser (2)





A. J. Foyt, who returned to the USAC fold, will be at Indy with a terrific chance to win his fifth 500

INDY WAR continued

received identical rejections last Friday morning.

Probably the only driver who can see any joy in this situation is A. J. Foyt, who was physically far removed from the action last weekend overseeing the training of his string of thoroughbreds in Kentucky. But the 44-year-old four-time Indy 500 winner is probably the biggest drawing card in racing, and as such he is very much a part of the controversy. In November, Foyt defected from USAC to CART, only to have a change of heart. He returned to USAC in February, saying, "I left because the original goals of CART have changed and I don't like some of the politics that's been played. They used me to get CART formed, and now there are only one or two guys doing all the talking. They're on an ego trip and want to conquer the racing world, but I have no desire to do that."

Certainly Foyt's chances of an unprecedented fifth Indy 500 have not been harmed by the new developments. Johncock, a staunch CART backer, said,

"They [USAC] are going to do anything to let him win. He saved them...." In fact, the CART drivers' reactions to Foyt's decision are as vehement as the owners' to USAC's. "Let them have their chicken-feed race," said Johnny Rutherford. "Let Foyt win his fifth Indy. Then maybe he'll announce his retirement in Victory Circle. Then we'll be rid of him."

As things stand, no other previous Indy winner will challenge A.J. at Indy, nor will last year's USAC point champion, Tom Sneva. Until last week Sneva had been actively trying to bring the two sides together. Now, with the polarizing effect of the Mailgrams delivered at Atlanta, Sneva appears to have given up that role, although the owner of his car, Jerry O'Connell, has not had his entry rejected. Sneva has indicated he would stay in the CART camp. The same is true for Danny Ongais, who led much of last year's 500. Ongais had remained aloof from the bickering, despite the fact that he had been offered a post on CART's board of directors. But as of last weekend he, too, inti-

mated that he would be sticking with CART whatever might happen between now and May 5, when the Speedway opens for practice.

That figures to be plenty—and plenty costly for both sides. On the same evening the Mailgrams were delivered, CART President Pat Patrick announced at a press conference, at which CART lawyer John Frasco was present, that "We will explore every legal avenue and take whatever steps are necessary to race at Indianapolis."

At stake is more than the glory, or even the nearly quarter of a million dollar purse, that comes with winning the 500. Indy-car racing is a very big business, and how that business is being run is what started this acrimonious dispute. A competitive 1979 model Indy car costs \$135,000, and the operating expenses for a season approach \$1 million, what with crew salaries, travel costs and the inevitable expense of replacing blown engines at \$35,000 per copy.

Last year Jim Hall's Chaparral, driven by Al Unser, won not only the Indy 500 but also USAC's two other 500-mile races, at Ontario, Calif. and Pocono, Pa. "Our team won more money than any other team in the history of motor racing—over half a million dollars—yet we lost money," says Hall. "Heck, all the owners lose money. But look at the Indianapolis Speedway. It's done nothing but prosper for the last 30 years."

It was recently pointed out by Robin Miller, a sportswriter for the *Indianapolis Star* and sometime USAC midweek driver, that while top ticket prices at the Speedway have gone from \$35 to \$55 in the last five years, the Speedway's contribution to the purse has dropped from \$877,500 to \$873,250. This from a total take from the month (including practice and four days of qualifying) that Miller estimates to be as high as \$20 million.

Motivated by such horrific incongruities, the top Indy-car owners (among them Roger Penske, Dan Gurney, Bob Fletcher, Alexander, Hall and Patrick—who also happen to be the six recipients of the entry rejections) formed CART. What it would seek, they said, was a voice in scheduling, in changes in the division of purse and TV money and in car specifications. Their contention was that USAC's 21-man board of directors was too unwieldy (in addition to the Indy-car representatives, its membership includes figures from USAC's stock-car,

sprint-car and midget racing divisions, as well as several nonaligned businessmen and USAC administrative officers) and too slow-moving to keep pace with the contemporary realities—specifically economic realities—of Indy-car racing.

As a result, the car owners found themselves spending most of their time scurrying around the country trying to woo sponsors who would think enough of pointing their names on the sides of race cars that they would cough up six-figure amounts for that honor. And even that time-consuming salesmanship was proving not to be enough to make the top teams solvent. More threatening over the long run was the fact that an unproven team, or driver, was increasingly being shut out. It's enough of a gamble to ante up for a first-rate team, but to back an unknown can be rationalized only as a charity donation. "There was no chance of racing ever working under the USAC control structure," says Gurney. "People who weren't paying the bills were negotiating on our behalf, and many of them knew very little about what was going on. USAC's been holding back people's careers."

In the months between CART's formation and last week's call for all-out war, concessions were made on both sides, as well as what appeared to be sporadic movement toward a reconciliation. CART staged the first race of the season on March 11 at Phoenix International Raceway, a former USAC track owned largely by Bob Fletcher, a member of CART's board of directors. The race drew a capacity crowd, plus a national television audience that watched John-Cock win and collect almost \$19,000. Two weeks later USAC opened its season with a non-televized race at Ontario. In front of a meager crowd, Foyt predictably won from a weak field and banked \$16,700.

But all that was just feeling out the opposition. Everyone agreed the big test would come at Indianapolis, even if this whole exercise, as some insiders had begun to suspect, was a gambit by Penske, or Foyt, or Patrick—or someone—to buy Indianapolis Motor Speedway, a not too farfetched notion, because the family of the late Tony Hulman now controls the Speedway, and is not as obsessed by the sport as he was.

Indianapolis is the greatest spectacle in racing, and not just from the fans' standpoint but from the sponsors' as well. So much so that virtually every Indy-car

contract includes a penalty clause to the effect that if a team is unable to participate in the 500 the sponsor's financial obligations can be either voided or greatly reduced. The reality of this hideously expensive game is that a team could sweep races at Phoenix, Atlanta, Trenton and Brooklyn, Mich. (CART-aligned tracks), or at Ontario, College Station, Texas, Milwaukee and Pocono (USAC tracks), and still have a "bad" season. Try to justify the cost of a win at Trenton or Milwaukee to a comptroller. Is it worth \$200,000? \$300,000? But a win at Indy? It is worth every cent.

In short, a team has to at least make the field for the 500 or the money well runs dry. That is what USAC apparently has in mind. By threatening to make its showcase event into an antique-car run—one that might well turn out to be an A. J. Foyt benefit—USAC seems to be gambling that those who sponsor the cars of the CART members will force them to defect.

As of last weekend, however, CART was hanging tough and there were no breaks in the ranks of owners, drivers or sponsors. There was even a rumor that USAC may have cost itself more than it thought. According to gossip, the ABC same-day Indy television contract stipulates that 15 of the "top" drivers must be in the race. Without CART's contingent of former 500 winners, that condition cannot be met. CART can, and probably will, go to court, asking first for an injunction against the banning of its cars, then against the 500 itself—which is as impressive and destructive a cudgel as the one USAC wielded last week. At the same time, CART will undoubtedly register a protest with the Automobile Competition Committee for the U.S. (ACCUS), which is currently chaired by Tom Binford, who is also chief steward of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. It figures the protest will be futile.

Binford and USAC President Dick King made one final attempt at reconciliation early last week. On the Tuesday before the Atlanta event they met with Penske and Patrick in Detroit with a proposal. A counterproposal was made by the two CART members, and on Thursday King claims to have polled the USAC board of directors on it. According to King, the counterproposal was rejected, and that night the Mailgrams went out. What no one wanted had happened.

Total war.

There appears to be no room for either side to back down. The best anyone now expects is a surrender before May 27 by one group or the other. Anybody want to buy a nearly new 700-hp single-seat car? With trade for 2.5-mile place to race at Indianapolis on Memorial Day. Cost no object. No deals. Eggs at stake.

Caveat emptor.

Last Saturday night in a hotel room in Atlanta a deeply concerned Dan Gurney said, "What hurts me most is that USAC is tagging us as rabid radicals out to destroy racing. That's very, very unfair. We've dedicated our lives to this sport, we've put our souls into it. USAC says we're greedy and rich car owners who don't care about anything but ourselves. But we are doing this for the sport—if we succeed it will benefit everyone in the long run. How much can USAC claim its latest moves are benefiting the sport? People have bought tickets, planned vacations, expecting to see drivers like the Unsers at Indianapolis this year. Not only that, but both Porsche and Renault were planning Indy efforts in 1980, but they've called them off because of USAC's latest rule changes. Things like that reflect USAC's attitude; that's what's hurting the sport."

Last season an old gag was making the rounds of the pits. It went, "How do you make a small fortune out of racing?" The answer: "You start with a big fortune." No one is laughing anymore because the real punch line has now been delivered. With brass knuckles.

END



Jim Hall received the gon news at Atlanta

IF ONLY THE DERBY WERE HELD IN NEW YORK

With his victory in the Wood, his third in a row at Aqueduct, Instrument Landing proved that he could fly on his favorite track by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Few sayings on the racetrack are older than "horses for courses," and by now there can be no doubt that the course for Instrument Landing is New York's Aqueduct. Last Saturday he won the \$142,750 Wood Memorial there—as good a horse race as one would ever hope to see. At the finish of the 1½ miles, Instrument Landing's nose was just in front of the onrushing Screen King, with intriguing newcomer Czaravich half a length back in third, a nose in front of Smarten. The Wood was one of the most competitive pre-Kentucky Derby races in the past few years, but it left those fans looking toward Louisville in something of a quindary. Does Instrument Landing, rated seventh behind Spectacular Bid and Flying Paster among 1978's top 2-year-olds in the Experimental Handicap, have to carry that Aqueduct track around with him to be a winner?

Perhaps not, but if he could he would. Since November 1978, Instrument Landing has run six times and won three stakes. The three victories have all come at Aqueduct. In his other three races, all at Santa Anita, Instrument Landing, who is owned by Thomas Baderoff and his brother William of Maryland's Penny-Bryn Farm, could finish no better than fifth. Doing poorly on one track, however, doesn't mean that a horse can't move on to another and rebuild sagging fortunes. As recently as 1976, Bold Forbes struggled at Santa Anita before returning to Aqueduct, where he performed like a different horse. Bold Forbes went on to win the Wood, the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont.

Instrument Landing, a son of Grey Dawn II-Pate A Choux, is that rarity, a horse that has faced both Spectacular Bid and Flying Paster. In the Young America stakes at the Meadowlands in New Jersey last October, Instrument Landing lost to Spectacular Bid by a neck while getting nine pounds from the winner

This April at Santa Anita, Instrument Landing lost to Flying Paster by 16 lengths while running at equal weights in the Santa Anita Derby. Instrument Landing encountered serious difficulties on the first turn in the Santa Anita Derby and was never in contention, winding up seventh.

The Wood is the last real chance a New York-based horse has of convincing his owners that he is competitive enough to start in the Kentucky Derby. Falling as it does two weeks before the first leg of the Triple Crown, its timing is perfect, and the success of Wood winners at Churchill Downs in recent years has been impressive. In 1975 Foolish Pleasure won the Wood and the Derby; in 1976 Bold Forbes did likewise, as did Seattle Slew in 1977. Last year Believe It won the Wood before finishing third to Affirmed and Alydar in both the Derby and the Preakness.

The 55th Wood was interesting for several reasons. General Assembly, a good-looking son of Secretariat, entered the race following a strong win in the Gotham two weeks before. Screen King, one of the heroes of the barren winter scene in New York, had won four of his six races while never finishing worse than third and was being stretched out to 1½ miles for the first time. Smarten, who had run second to Golden Act in the Arkansas Derby, had zigzagged his way across the country to try the Wood. Although not nominated to the Kentucky Derby, Smarten couldn't be overlooked in the Wood.

And in a period of a month, Czaravich (by Nijinsky II from Black Satan II), who was unraced as a 2-year-old, had blossomed and was entered in the Wood with only three races—run at distances of 1½ miles, 1 mile and 70 yards and 1 mile—behind him. While he had shown his awkward greenness on each of those occasions, there was no doubt that Czar-

avich had potential. And he was trained by Billy Turner, who had brought Seattle Slew through his 2-year-old races and the Triple Crown undefeated. Turner has a reputation for excellence as a trainer, but he is also one to move a horse carefully.

"I know that it may be asking quite a bit of Czaravich to tackle experienced horses at this stage," Turner said before the Wood, "but he has done well so far. I expect him to run good, but I also expect him to have to run very good to beat General Assembly, Screen King and Instrument Landing."

About an hour before starting time, Turner and David Whiteley, Instrument Landing's trainer, were in the receiving barn on the backstretch, passing the time before their horses would be called to the track. "Billy, put the light on in Czaravich's stall," Whiteley said. "I want to get a look at him." The switch was turned on and there stood big (16.2 hands), handsome Czaravich. Whiteley looked at the powerful horse, then turned to Turner and, in mock horror, joked, "Well, I've seen him now and I understand why you kept the light off."

None of the trainers of the top horses in the Wood thought they would have to face so large a field. On the morning that entries were taken, General Assembly's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, said, "I've heard that 13 horses are entered. I find that hard to believe." Turner, on the other hand, said, "I don't expect more than eight horses to run."

Ten horses ultimately started, with General Assembly, thus far Secretariat's most successful son, with earnings of \$205,000, drawing the outside post position, a difficult obstacle to overcome because of the short run to the first turn at Aqueduct. General Assembly left the gate stumbling, and when he was sent into the first turn by Jockey Jacinto Vasquez, he was carried wide.

The horse on the lead was Instrument Landing, ridden by Angel Cordero Jr., and when Cordero gets in front he usually takes control of a race. He was about to do so again in the Wood, Cordero let Instrument Landing lead for six furlongs in 1:12½, very relaxed time considering that Bold Forbes was caught in 1:09½ at the same point in 1976.

General Assembly, meanwhile, had gotten up to second at the head of the stretch. Screen King was moving from back in the pack and the exciting Czaravich was very much in contention. In the stretch, Instrument Landing was close to the rail with Screen King on the outside, in between were Smarten and Czaravich. The four came to the line in a rousing finish. Even those standing near the line couldn't tell with certainty if Instrument Landing had held on or had been overtaken by Screen King in the closing strides. After officials studied the photo finish, Instru-

ment Landing's number went up on the board. His time was 1:49½, better than Believe It's 1:49½ last year but slower than Bold Forbes' 1:47½.

Despite having won both the Nashua and Remsen Stakes at Aqueduct last season, Instrument Landing's poor winter form in California had dissuaded bettors from backing him in the Wood and he paid a generous \$17.20. His victory Saturday was worth \$85,650, pushing his career earnings to \$198,725.

General Assembly flattened out in the stretch and finished fifth. Of the first five finishers in the Wood, probably only Instrument Landing, General Assembly and Screen King will go on to Louisville to meet Spectacular Bid, Flying Paver and Golden Act.

"To be perfectly honest," the disappointed Jolley said the following morning, "I can't offer any excuses for General Assembly, but I'll probably send him on to Kentucky anyway." Despite

the impressive but unexpected win, Whiteley was somewhat noncommittal about Instrument Landing's immediate plans. "He's a New York horse," the trainer said, "and he likes it here. I'd say right now that we're not anxious to go to Kentucky, but we still have time before making that decision." Luis Barrera, Screen King's conditioner and the brother of Laz Barrera, who had Triple Crown winner Affirmed last year, had no reservations about plans for his horse. "Screen King will go in the Derby. You can bet on that. He'll run a distance."

With Spectacular Bid's next start set for this week's Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, some trainers are still waiting to see the Derby favorite's final prep before firming up plans to run against him at Louisville. The task of beating two outstanding horses in a Kentucky Derby can be forbidding, but Instrument Landing's long, bewildering winter has turned into a spring with promise. **SHD**

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TRCLO



Instrument Landing, leading all the way, managed to hold off the late charge of Screen King, far left, Czaravich and Smarten in a pulsating stretch run



The 205-pound Davidson continued to lead all playoff goalies with a 1.14 goals-against average

FOR THE RANGERS, THE PUCK STOPS HERE

With big John Davidson filling the nets, New York took a three-games-to-one lead over Philadelphia in their quarterfinal playoff confrontation **by E. M. SWIFT**

John Davidson didn't want to discuss it. Things were going too good. The soft-spoken New York Ranger goaltender knew that bubbles are made to be burst—five years with the hapless St. Louis Blues and the pre-Shero Rangers will do that to a man—and his particular bubble was floating pretty high. Davidson had shut out Philadelphia 6-0 Sunday night to enable the Rangers to take a 3-1 lead in their best-of-seven quarterfinal playoff series. It was the third straight win for the young, engaging Rangers, and none of them was a nail-biter. They waltzed 7-1, 5-1, 6-0 to take the Flyers to the brink of elimination. That just doesn't happen to the Broad Street Bullies, and Davidson wasn't about to jinx himself by analyzing the Rangers and his own superb and surprising play. "I don't like to talk about it really," he said. "I don't even like to think about it. We're all just gaining confidence in ourselves and learning how to win. I'm trying to relax and enjoy it."

Before the Rangers' lopsided victories, the players on both teams were predicting a seven-game pitched battle to be decided by a lucky bounce in any of a number of overtimes. The teams were so evenly matched that the so-called home-ice advantage meant little. The Rangers had won two and lost two at Philadelphia during the regular season, while the Flyers had a 1-0-3 record in Madison Square Garden. Indeed, until last Friday's 5-1 win, the Rangers had not beaten the Flyers in the Garden for more than three years, losing to them twice and tying no less than eight games. The entire history of the rivalry could hardly have been closer, with the Rangers holding a 25-23-22 edge.

There also was a degree of closeness between the rival coaches. The Rangers' Fred Shero coached the Flyers for the past seven years. Pat Quinn, who was appointed coach of the Flyers Jan. 30 and gauded them from fourth place to second in the Patrick Division, was Shero's assistant last season. Or, more aptly, Shero was Quinn's tutor. Thus, there would be no great surprises in strategy.

But for all their familiarity, the two teams were as different as, well, the tortoise and the hare. The tough, thick-shelled, tireless Flyers are perhaps the slowest team in hockey. "I think I can, I think I can," they puff with every stride. The Rangers can skate with any team in

North America, as evidenced by their 3-1 record against Montreal's flying Frenchmen this year. But they are young and, at times, harebrained. In their season series against the Flyers they had a habit of racing away to huge leads only to be caught up with in the end. Twice in the Garden, the Flyers came from three goals down to tie, once from a 4-0 deficit.

It happened again in the opener of the quarterfinals at the Spectrum. The Flyers, who had a tough three-game series against Vancouver, fell behind 2-0 before Bill Barber tied the game at 2-2 with 4:58 remaining in regulation. With less than a minute gone in the overtime, Ken Linseman intercepted the Rangers' Carol Vadnais' one-handed shovel pass, wheeled in and fired low through a screen to win the game and give Philly a 1-0 lead in the series. There was a delicious bit of irony in the fact that Linseman, the one Flyer who lives up to the team name, scored the goal. He was the player Philadelphia selected from last year's draft as compensation for Shero's leaping to the Rangers.

But what most concerned New York fans, and the players, was that they had blown another lead to the tortoise. "We went into a shell in the third period," said Ranger captain Dave Maloney—odd behavior for a hare. "We panicked."

Shero said, "Sitting back is fine if you have a very experienced club. But we've got to have our share of the puck to win."

In the second game, the Rangers had their share and the Flyers' share, and it was the old tortoise who went into his shell this time, never to emerge. With the score tied at 1-1 and the Flyers on the power play, Ranger defenseman Ron Greshner set the tone for the rest of the game by checking Bobby Clarke off the puck, then easily outdistancing Clarke and the lead-footed Bob Dailey in their race for the Flyer goal. He decked Robby Moore, the diminutive (5' 5") Flyer goaltender, and slid in a forehead for the first of his two goals.

The Rangers took 21 shots in the second period, adding three more goals and, determined to prove that they had learned their lesson about running a race from write to wire, scored twice more in the third. The 7-1 final score was the worst thrashing the Flyers had ever suffered in the playoffs—103 games—and the worst playoff loss in front of their home fans since Chicago drubbed them

12-0 a decade ago. More important, it destroyed the confidence the Flyers had in their ability to come from behind, and gave the home-ice advantage, for whatever it was worth, to the Rangers. "You're always happy with a split, but if we'd played a little smarter we might have had two," Shero said.

For his part, Quinn pointed a thick finger at the referees. Seventeen seconds into Wednesday's humiliation, Bruce Hood had whistled Linseman off for tripping, the fourth time in the Flyers' five postseason games that they had been penalized in the opening minute. "Apparently they don't want contact, and the Philadelphia Flyers can't play without contact," Quinn said. "If people want ballet, let them go to the Ice Follies."

Folly is the word for it, but such an attitude is not exactly shocking from a man who, in nine seasons of NHL play averaged two goals and 106 penalty minutes a season. And Quinn was right. For whatever reasons, the Flyers were just standing around at both ends of the ice. "Seattle" was Quinn's word. To get a little electricity back in the ranks, he decided to dress Dave (three goals in 67 games) Hovda for the third game in New York.

Throwing their weight around as they had not done in Philly, the Flyers took a 1-0 lead in the first period on a goal by Mel Bridgman that was set up by Hound Dog Bob Kelly. A total of 52 minutes in penalties was called, and the period was truly played at a turtle's pace.

Enter the hare in the form of 20-year-old Don Maloney, the captain's brother. He scored twice in 26 seconds early in the second session—a period in which the Rangers shot 60% from the floor, as it were. Goaltender Wayne Stephenson making two saves in five chances. Asked about the poise of Maloney, who played only 28 games during the season but is the Rangers' leading scorer in the playoffs, Shero said, "It has nothing to do with poise. It's courage."

The Rangers won the game 5-1 behind the exceptional goaltending of the 6' 3", 205-pound Davidson—who leads all goalies in the playoffs with a 1.14 goals-against average—and took a 2-1 lead into Sunday's game. A shorthanded goal by Anders Hedberg was the second of three the Rangers scored against the Flyers in the first four games of the series, surpassing the total allowed by Philadelphia in the entire regular season.

There was also some nice irony in Hedberg's goal. A disciple of the European style of play so foreign to the pugna-cious Flyers, Hedberg had been speared in the first period by Stephenson, and responded by getting into his second fight of the series with Stephenson—a questionable move against a musk-gotlender. Hedberg was later high-sickled by Paul Holmgren to the tune of five stitches. Hedberg responded with a great game—he was clearly the best man on the ice. Afterward, ice bag on his forehead, he mused about his opponents. "They're not going to die. I wish they would, but they won't. I want to beat these guys really bad. They don't represent the way I think the game should be played. That's not tough hockey they play."

Is it dirty? he was asked. Is it chippy? Hedberg rolled his eyes in the direction of his gash. On his chest was a gouge from a spear. "I'm not saying. Don't put anything in my mouth. Please."

Which was precisely Davidson's attitude. After Sunday's rout there was one game still to be won. And if there was one lesson this hare had learned, it was to race a tortoise all the way down to the wire.

EDW



Fearful Don Maloney had four goals, six assists

AND FOR MY NEXT TRICK, I'LL...

Earvin (Magic) Johnson, the sophomore whose basketball talents brought Michigan State a title, has a dilemma: He can stay in school and go to the Olympics or he can accept a fat pro contract **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Earvin Johnson, the Michigan State Magic Man whose exuberance and sleight-of-hand did so much to make college basketball particularly enjoyable last season, was lying on the floor of his East Lansing apartment, wiggling his toes in the green shag carpeting and pondering where he will play next year—the Big Ten, Moscow or the NBA. Here he was

enjoying himself so much—and the pros were strongly urging that he get down to business. “Futtsy, isn’t it?” he said.

The problem is that the 19-year-old sophomore with the omnipresent smile feels that everything is perfect in his life right now. Therefore, all things considered, he might just as well play college basketball for two more years and keep

discoing down at The Bus Stop, playing pool at the student union, drinking strawberry daiquiris and buying records at the Lansing Mall. Is there any state that is better than perfect?

The pros think so. Thus, Magic’s dilemma: dollars vs. Olympic gold and the possibility of a college degree.

On one side are the professionals,



armed with money, an old weapon that has worked well over the years. Johnson's price tag is still facedown, but the realistic estimates of those closest to him see numbers like \$500,000 a year for five years. That figure would put him among the top 10 pro players. One general manager says \$300,000 a year for five would be more realistic, but that probably won't wash in Magic's mind because he turned down \$250,000 a year for six years from Kansas City in 1978 and he'll likely consider a \$50,000-a-year boost insultingly small. A \$2 million, five-year offer might hook him, however. Teammate Greg Kessler, who completed his eligibility this

year and will be a high first-round draft pick himself, says, "If I was in Johnson's place, I might leave."

All of which has East Lansing in an uproar only a few decibels lower than that of the celebration accompanying State's victory in last month's NCAA championship. An East Lansing motel marquee says, "If you believe in Magic, welcome." Superfan Duane Vernon hyperbolizes, "Every member of the team is a hero, but Magic is a legend." At the least Johnson is a walking mob scene, an autograph party gone berserk. These are heady days, for at last, at last, long-suffering Spartans have something really good in which

to rub the noses of those snooty winners at the University of Michigan. More than anyone, Johnson understands all this; he loves all this. But no later than May 11 he must decide if he will forego Michigan State, declare himself a hardship case and thereby become eligible for the pro draft, which will be held June 25.

There is talk—mostly from the optimists—that Johnson will stay at State for one more year. Then he could go hardship in the spring of 1980, play on the U.S. basketball team in the Moscow Olympics—unless there is an adverse ruling by international Olympic officials—and then join the NBA team. *continued*

lounging in his East Lansing apartment, Johnson ponders his two golden possibilities: a medal in Moscow or \$2.5 million for five years from the NBA.





With the ball, Magic is a peerless prestidigitator

MAGIC continued

that drafted him. Reason and logic, however, leave little doubt that he will turn pro. And that, according to Johnson watchers, may mean that he won't. "Earvin thrives on intrigue," says Michigan State Coach Jud Heathcote.

There are only three people directly involved in making the decision. One is

Charles Tucker, a psychologist for the East Lansing school district who had try-outs with a couple of ABA teams. Tucker has known Earvin for years, and he says, "Opportunity comes once, and you can throw it away so fast. But if Earvin only cared about money, he'd have been gone last year." Tucker insists he wants none of Earvin's cash.

Then there is Magic's father, Earvin Sr. He makes \$20,000 a year as a night-reel worker in an Oldsmobile body plant, plus several thousand more hauling trash and working as a janitor. Mrs. Johnson brings home another \$10,000 from her job as a junior high school cafeteria worker. Their 10 kids take it all and a little bit more. Yet Earvin Sr. avenges his son's situation by saying, "If he gets the right offer, he'll go pro this year. I'd say \$500,000 a year for four years. Wouldn't you say that's about right? At least that much. He may not be any good, but he'll sure bring excitement."

And then there's Earvin Jr., who says, "I don't need a lot of opinions. I can listen to myself."

There is a definite feeling that of the three, Earvin Sr. is the key. After all, when Magic was deciding which university to attend, he leaned toward Michigan, the old man wanted Michigan State. When Magic wanted to go for the pro bucks last year, his father led the opposition. So these days, when Earvin Sr. says, "I think that he's as ready as he'll ever be to play pro ball," his inter-

ances get respect and special attention.

A growing number of people think Earvin really has no choice. His coach at Lansing's Everett High, George Fox, says, "You cannot in good conscience advise him to turn down millions. Anyone who does is selfish and is not looking out for Earvin's best interests."

The pros could use a Magic potion. Pat Williams, the 76ers' general manager, says, "I think at least half of his appeal is his enthusiasm. But you have to remember that happiness and glow and joy often turn to dust in our league." When Earvin plays, he absolutely lights up the sky, and there are those who wonder how that will go over with the too-cool pros. Says Magic, "It's impossible to play hard for 82 games. But I bet I can play hard in at least 70." In addition, Tucker says that a lot of teams self-destruct because of personality problems, and Earvin "ain't never going to cause no problems." Probably not. Last year, for example, he had 269 assists. Once the pros get used to the idea that they may—surprise!—get a pass when they're open under the basket, nobody will grumble.

Those opposed to Johnson's turning pro are the people of Michigan in general, East Lansing in particular and Spartan fanatics in desperation. They are armed with love, an old weapon that has worked well over the years. Duane Vernon, whose bar at home is S-shaped, says, "What does Earvin mean to us? My God, what did Eisenhower mean to the soldiers?" Pete Secchia, a big booster from Grand Rapids, raised \$1,200 for a full-page ad in the Michigan State News, in which he pleaded with Earvin to stay at State. Secchia's ad said, "We've learned in the marketplace of life that a college degree... will be with you always." Teammate Jay Vincent says, "College basketball is fun. What's better than that? I don't think he should go pro and I don't think he will."

Last weekend Earvin slipped off to Philadelphia to watch the NBA playoffs and also to consult about his future with Julius Erving. It was Erving who last year impressed upon Johnson the importance of learning to shoot bank shots, a technique that has improved Magic's game substantially. "The Doctor called the other day," says Johnson, "and I told him I wanted to come see him."

Magic's Philadelphia excursion pinpoints a crucial problem: how does Ear-



Earvin decides, (from left) psychologist Dr. Charles Tucker and an East Lansing school district teacher Charles Tucker



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vin—the same Earvin who only a few years ago was rolling up socks into pretend basketballs, shooting them at imaginary baskets at his home and catching the devil for it from his mother—make a sensible, adult decision?

The phone rings in his apartment.

"Doooo?" says Earvin. "Donna who?"

"Excuse me," says Earvin, hanging up the phone. "I guess I decide by thinking that, well, my dream..." Phone rings.

"Renee? Renee who?"

"Excuse me. My dream is to play in the NBA and..." Phone rings.

"Lisa? Lisa who?"

"Excuse me. Money plays a big part. All that money." Phone rings.

"Joan? Joan who?" Johnson unplugs the phone.

The phone. Its incessant ringing is proof of a superstar in residence. "Not as many girls call me," says Andy Wells, Johnson's roommate in the \$255-a-month apartment, "but I'm still doing O.K." Girls, and a whole lot of other people with less frivolous purposes, call "You have to deal with it," shrugs Johnson. But oddly, Magic doesn't seem that bothered by the big decision. "When it's time, I'll say," says Johnson Earvin's mother, Christine, says, "He's just silent about it. Real quiet. Then one day, boom, he'll tell us."

"You have to be careful," Tucker tells Johnson, "because short-term gratification can bring on long-term pain. Don't trust anyone."

Less weight is given to non-money arguments, but with Earvin, any of them might carry the day for Spartan believers. His mother wants him to stay in school, he didn't become Player of the Year (Larry Bird of Indiana State did, and that grates on Magic); pro travel might be onerous; he would get closer to his degree in telecommunication (he's a 2.6 student). Mike Moore, a State professor, says, "If he would finish his four years, that would be the stylish way to go."

That's a sentiment with which Heathcote agrees. "I want what's best for Earvin," says the coach, "and what's best for him is to stay. There are a lot of reasons—but still the specter of \$2 million or whatever sits there..." Athletic Director Joe Kearney says, "I have a gut feeling that he's going to be here, but that's probably based on my stupidity." The university cares about Earvin on many levels. Three years ago, for exam-

ple, basketball ticket sales produced \$150,000 at MSU; last year \$425,000. It's Magic.

Could the same thing happen in the pros? There are, as always, skeptics. The most common rap is that Earvin can't jump well. Other detractors say he can't score. Tucker grumps, "He doesn't score because he sometimes doesn't shoot much. He won't score a point, but he'll destroy you." One NBA executive says, "He will not turn around a franchise."

Tucker and Earvin Sr. (they say they won't hire an agent) also would like to make sure that the pros and Earvin have no direct dealings for fear he'll be in trouble with the NCAA. But unless Magic himself avoids the pressure of the pros, staying isolated will be difficult. NBA teams can swap draft choices right up to draft day and virtually any club could end up picking first. Last week the Lakers, who have New Orleans' first draft choice as compensation for losing Gail Goodrich, won the coin flip with Chicago for the first pick in the draft. Both teams have indicated they are interested in either Johnson or Sidney Moncrief of Arkansas.

Not that many college sophomores have as many options as Johnson. And so in the deep of night when he props his feet up and lets his mind run free, all things seem possible. "I guess I just love life," he said the other day in his apartment. "I'm getting so much enjoyment out of it. And I want others to. When a guy pays \$3 or \$4 for a ticket, I want him to get a show from me. He will, too, because I have to please myself—and I always do that. If I please me, it'll please others."

"Heck, I remember when I couldn't even let myself dream about being all-city. Then all-state was out of the question because of all those great guys out of Detroit. Now, I don't think I'm worth as much as Bird. Let's be honest. He played longer, has got the experience and the accolades and, besides, wow, he's a white superstar. Basketball sure needs him. But think of me in the NBA. One thing I'm always going to do is have fun. There is time for business, time for school and time for fun. You know, things can be happening at a party before I get there, but when I show up they just happen more."

Outside, somebody hollers, "Two more years!" and Earvin Johnson just grins.

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There are no calliopes, and the tents that gave the Penn Relay Carnival its full name are gone, but multitudes still will be flocking to Philly this week

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

CARNIVAL TIME

college relays, 10 individual events and a two-mile bicycle race. Last year the relays were expanded to occupy a full week. This year the meet again started with a marathon on Sunday, and then proceeded with the decathlon on Tuesday and Wednesday. The high school girls and college women take over on Thursday (with the men's long-distance races taking place that night), and Friday and Saturday will be jam-packed with relays and individual events. Included in the schedule are high school and college championships, Olympic Development events and the Benjamin Franklin Mile for invited stars. Last year 6,101 participants, more than half of them high schoolers, competed in 170 events, which took 34½ hours to run off.

Jim Tuppenny, the track coach at the

University of Pennsylvania—Franklin Field is also Penn's football stadium—and director of the Relays since 1970, judges the size of the field by the weight of the starting numbers given out—as 1978 about one and a half tons. Or by the number of safety pins used to attach these numbers to the jerseys of the athletes—86,000 last year.

Penn doesn't pay travel expenses to the Relays except to give four or five of the most distant and loyal colleges a few hundred dollars to help defray costs. Nonetheless, it is considered such a privilege to compete in the meet that thousands clamor to attend. Every year during the first week of January, Tuppenny, Herb Hartnett, Penn's sports information director, and half a dozen volunteers send out thousands of entry cards. The mailing list includes Bermuda, the Bahamas, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Barbados, the Virgin Islands and Canada. The deadline for high-school and club entries is April 5, for colleges, April 12. Two days later, the weighty Carnival program—the 1979 version runs 84 pages—goes to the printers. All but Philadelphia athletes have to meet qualifying standards. Dick Ream, a retired high school superintendent, monitors a 16-state telephone hookup to accept last-minute reports from coaches that their charges have qualified.

Dr. Ken Doherty, a bronze medalist in the decathlon in the 1928 Olympics who became track coach at Penn in 1948 and conducted the meet until his retirement in 1969, deserves much of the credit for the Relays' extraordinary growth. "I was always thinking in terms of increasing the number of participants," he says, "and while doing so, I tried to focus the atten-

(continued)

Swarms of junior high athletes get to share the glory with world class runners such as Renaldo Nehemiah of Maryland (bottom, center) and Mark Belger (top right) who earned a Penn-record 10 gold watches while competing for Villanova



tion of the spectators by scheduling the most interesting events within a three-hour period on Saturday afternoon, mostly college and high school championship finals." In those days the Relays were a Friday-Saturday meet, so to accommodate all the competitors, in 1951 Penn installed a four-lane inside track, which measured 404 yards. Thus, competitors who draw the inner lanes take off from a starting line behind the regular one to make up for the missing 32.9 meters in 1,600-meter events (Penn converted to metric distances in 1976).

When the Relays were first held, the athletes stayed in tents pitched alongside the stands, which lent a carnival atmosphere to the goings-on. (In 1910 that spirit was acknowledged when the official name for the event became the Relay Race Carnival; it later became the Penn Relay Carnival.) *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, describing the inaugural meet on its society pages, reported that "hundreds

and hundreds of pretty girls, adorned in all their spring finery, with bright sparkling eyes and cheeks flushed with excitement . . . cheered their favorites on to victory."

In 1896 the *Inquirer* again resorted to the gushy prose of the day. "The spectators were on the qui vive from start to finish, and as the game boys struggled on with staring eyes, and bloodless lips in many cases, and fell across the finish line to be borne away by their friends, their manliness and grit were greeted by appreciative cheers." Evidently that kind of stuff went down well with its readers, for the next year the *Inquirer* related, "The track was lightning fast as runners stood on the stretch with strained eyes and cried for their comrades who were struggling pluckily, faintly through the stretch to 'Come, come,' that they might touch them, and dash away as they challenged each other before the thousands and run till the very breath had left their





There is potential disaster in every pass, whether it be in a college 1,600-meter relay or between Olympians Steve Niddick and Herman Frasier

bodies . . . The thousands rose up and cheered, cheered till they had little more breath left than the objects of their admiration. They had seen pluck, speed, grace, and they were glad to compliment it with their huzzas."

Today the spectators at the Relays, who usually number some 40,000 for Saturday's events, are no less enthusiastic. Athletes rate them tops at producing "Oooooohs," especially on Saturday morning during the three hours of boys' high school mile-relay races, when there is heavy action in nickel-and-dime betting up in the stands. A big oooooo accompanies any youngster who bursts into a sprint and it reverberates all around the stadium in a mounting crescendo. But when a kid ties up, usually in the northeast corner of the track, the ooooo dies too. There are no huzzas for the faint anymore, no matter how plucky.

The most hectic action takes place on Friday from 11:50 a.m. till 2:40 p.m. Last year during this span, 1,974 boys and girls and men and women competed in 47 400-meter relays, with a race going off every three minutes and 37 seconds. Further-

more, at 1:30 p.m. the shuttle relays, in which another 576 competitors took part, started in the infield. Confusion? Chaos? Delays? No way. The meet clicks along like clockwork.

In the early years athletes were identified in the program by the colors of their jerseys, like jockeys. But by 1925 the number of entries had grown so large that the organizers began to employ a unique lettering system. The first 25 relay teams are given A through Z (I is not used), the next receive AA, BB, and so on. After ZZ comes 3A, 3B and so on. "We divide the high school boys' 400-meter relays into two sections," says Hartnett. "If we didn't, last year we would have gone through the alphabet 12 times."

One would assume that a sophisticated computer keeps track of all the ABC's, but, surprisingly, the traffic is directed by mere humans, some 160 official and another 60 unofficial volunteers. Officialing at the meet is a job handed down from father to son, and many of the present officials have served for 25 years.

If there is one man who may prove to be irreplaceable at the Penn Relays, he is Herman Mancini, a former track manager for nearby West Catholic High, the Chief Clerk of Course. For the past 35 years he has been putting on every race

on time with great elan and incredible calm. Now 67 years old, slight of build with silvery hair, Mancini stations himself on a platform at the northwest corner of Franklin Field and sorts out the starting teams from the colorful cluster of athletes in the paddock area.

Last year Mancini was in typical form, low-keyed but concerned, as he dealt with a jittery crowd of high school girls during the 1,600-meter relays. "O.K.," he called through his microphone. "Sweats off, girls. Now move out to the start. Where is letter E? West Deptford, are you there?" Later he explained, "We give them every opportunity to compete, as long as the race hasn't gone off yet. And if they miss the start, and if it's feasible, we put them in a later race." Mancini spotted a girl with a bandanna around her head. "No bandanna, young lady," he called. "If we let one wear it," he said afterward, "they'll all show up with one, trying to outshine each other, and it will look like a circus here." With a scant 30-

continued



Mancini has kept right on schedule for 35 years.

second pause between the finish of one race and the start of the next, the girls hardly had time to get nervous. In fact, no one has time to do much of anything but lace up his spikes and run at Franklin Field. In order to save time, starting blocks are not permitted in most races, saving an estimated eight minutes per race. The result, considering all the athletes and all the miles run (38,000 this year), is that the mammoth meet itself maintains a pace of $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles per hour.

Inevitably, some mistakes occur. In 1973 Jon Young of the Philadelphia Flyers was credited with winning the featured 100-yard dash, although he wasn't in the race. Instead, his teammate Hasely

Crawford, who was to win the Olympic 100 meters in 1976, had won in 9.4. Hartnett, who is in charge of distributing some 10,000 result sheets on "press row," admits that one year he was the victim of a practical joke. When the officials couldn't figure out which team had finished third in a relay heat, they put down "Hartnett U." A more serious mix-up took place in 1952. Michigan had come to the Penns with great hopes of breaking the American collegiate four-mile-relay record of 17:16.1, which had stood for 15 years. Because it had been raining, the regular 440-yard lanes of the cinder track had been churned into a gritty muck and the race had to be run on the 404-yard lanes of the

then-new inside track. The designers of the track were called upon to figure out exactly how many laps the runners would have to go to complete the distance. As it turned out, their math was off; the race was run over a short course—which no one can remember today—and Michigan's time of 16:32.2 for the unknown distance never made the record books. Michigan's misfortune will never be repeated. All-weather ProTurf tracks were installed in Franklin Field in 1976.

Except for the mile and the shuttle relays, all multiple-runner events originated at Penn. At first the runners used to touch each other off, but following the lead of the Swedes, who had come up



As entrants in a women's club relay wait for the baton, their expressions make it easy to figure out how their teammates are faring in the preceding leg.

with the baton and the 20-meter exchange zone for the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm, the Penn Relays used batons in 1913, the first U.S. meet to do so.

The 480-yard shuttle-hurdle relay was added in 1926 at the recommendation of David Lord Burghley of Cambridge University. The following year the 22-year-old lord—who would win the 400-meter hurdles at the 1928 Amsterdam Olympics—arrived with three teammates from England, and the foursome won the race in great style.

The Cambridge runners were not the first to cross the Atlantic to Philadelphia; in 1914 a team from Oxford had won the four-mile relay. In 1920 Bevil Rudd, a South African who was a student at Oxford, competed with a combined Oxford-Cambridge team that broke the two-mile-relay world record. "I am glad that I can quote that admirably staged and enthusiastic race as the most memorable of my athletic career," Rudd wrote. And this from yet another future Olympic champion; Rudd was the gold medalist in the 400-meter dash at Antwerp.

The organizers of the Penn Relays were always willing to add new events. In 1918 they even included military drills for eight Army and Navy teams—a bugle contest, a rescue race, wall scaling, a bayonet-charge race and a half-mile light-marching-order race.

In 1928 Charlie Paddock, who had won gold medals in the 100-meter dash and 400-meter relay at the 1920 Olympics, and silver medals in the 200 in 1920 and 1924, asked that a 175-yard dash be added to the schedule so that he would have a chance to break his own world record of 17½ seconds. "I am not exactly a youngster anymore," the 27-year-old Paddock said before the race, "but, you know, I have always wanted to run here. When I was at Southern California, the college would never let me come on for the Penn races."

Little did Paddock know that he would end up running for his life. Shortly after 4 p.m. on April 28, the 175-yard dash went off. Paddock was challenged by three Penn sprinters, Folwell Scull, Lamorne Boyle and John Ball. It was a wet day, but a good crowd had turned out. Halfway through the race a 25-foot section of the brick wall bordering the track collapsed under the weight of the straining spectators, about 100 of them spilling onto the

track, directly in the path of the sprinters. Paddock, who was in the lane nearest the wall, veered to his left without breaking stride, and finished the race in the inside lane, nevertheless lowering his world record. The *Inquirer's* blithe report said, "Charlie Paddock, the 'fastest human,' rising to his most lofty heights in splashing to a world's record under the most distressing circumstances! Rain, drizzle, chills for the athletes; influenza and pneumonia for 20,000 spectators—bruises for some of them as a section of the south stand brick wall collapsed, hurtling about 100 headlong into the muck of the track 10 feet below! Paddock barely turned his head as the crumbling wall fell toward him. If anything, the event lent speed to his mercurial spikes, for he clipped two-fifths of a second off his record amid the howling cheers of the crowd."

Pavlo Nurmi made an appearance in 1929. In the three preceding Olympics he had won a total of four gold and two silver medals at 1,500, 5,000 and 10,000 meters. Now he intended to lower the American record in the two-mile run on Friday and in the three-mile run on Saturday. Leading from start to finish and carrying a stopwatch to time his splits, Nurmi did indeed break the two-mile record by 2½ seconds, with a time of 9:15½, but the *Inquirer* was not impressed. "Nurmi's performance, while a marvelous exhibition of running, was without an element of the spectacular," it said. "Like a machine rather than a human being, the 'Phantom Finn' sped around the cinder oval." On Saturday, Nurmi again ran away from the entire field, but he proved to be human, missing the three-mile record by almost seven seconds.

In 1936 Jesse Owens was the best track and field athlete in the U.S. The previous year the Ohio Stater had set world records in the 220, the long jump and the 220-yard low hurdles and tied the 100. A few months after the Penn Relays he would win his four gold medals at the Berlin Olympics. But there was no fanfare when he arrived in Philadelphia. Instead, the sprint team from the University of Texas, an exotic bunch to the Mainliners, got all the premeet publicity. The *Inquirer* ran a large photograph of the Texans practicing starts in ten-gallon hats and quoted their coach as saying, "It feels chilly to us right now. Down our way the peaches are already on the trees.

We can't do our best if it's cold." Cold or not, the Texans won the 440 and 880 relays, while Owens triumphed in the 100 and the long jump and ran a leg on the winning sprint medley team.

Over the years, world-record holders and 85 Olympic champions—past, present or future—have celebrated the arrival of spring in Franklin Field. Roger Bannister—the first man to run a sub-four-minute mile—and Ron Delany competed in the '50s, as did an unknown New Zealander named Murray Halberg, who won the Ben Franklin Mile in '54. Six years later he was the Olympic gold medalist in the 5,000.

The most prestigious award of the meet is the Penn Relays watch, and a watch won in a college-relay championship is most precious of all. Until the mid-'50s, the runners from host-team Penn got most of the watches, but then Villanova won its first two relay championships in 1955, and runners from the small (5,700 students) school situated 10 miles from the city limits of Philadelphia have since dominated the college events with 67 championships. Mark Belger, the Wildcats' spirited half-miler, is the top individual relay performer with 10 timepieces. He gave the first name to friends, but last April, in his last meet before graduating, he anchored the winning 3,200-meter relay to collect a watch for himself. Delany, Marty Liquori and Eamonn Coghlan each won nine watches running on Villanova relay teams.

In 1978 Tuppenny awarded \$30,000 worth of trophies—bronze plaques, gold, silver and bronze medals, and 96 gold-plated watches. He often receives requests for duplicates from former competitors who have lost their mementos. A couple of years ago he heard from a man who had gotten a watch at the 1916 Relays. Tuppenny had a new one made for \$50 and sent it off. A few days later the watch came back with an indignant letter pointing out that this was not the watch the man had won. "It turned out," says Tuppenny, "that in the old days they got pocket watches."

But not much else has changed. This week the stands at Franklin Field are again crowded with thousands celebrating their annual reunion, many proudly wearing their Penn watches, and many more just proud to be watching. If only W. C. Fields had been a track fan. **DAVID**

The boys from Kewaunee, Wis.—Murphy, Goose, Bobby and the Fonz—were noisily debating the finer points of that night's Brewer game over a few beers at Ray Jackson's bar and restaurant when the very man they wanted to see strolled through the front door. "Hey, George!" the Kewaunee crowd called out, "c'mon over here." Though he had never before set eyes on Murphy, Goose, Bobby or the Fonz, George Bamberger, manager of the Brewers, cheerfully obliged them. "Hiya, fellows," he greeted them, his rubicund face aglow with a merry smile. "Hey, Ray, give us some beer." And for the better part of an hour he sat talking baseball with the increasingly bibulous boys from Kewaunee and with whomever else happened by his barstool. "This guy," said proprietor Jackson, appraising the scene, "has

got to be the most popular man in town."

The Brewers had lost that night, 12-10, when the Red Sox scored two runs in the ninth inning as the result of some managerial strategy that backfired. In such circumstances, the ordinary major league manager might have been expected to seek the solace of his loved ones, brood in the company of trusted associates or curse fate in solitary misery alongside a bottle in his hotel room. To whoop it up with the fans would be unthinkable. But Bamberger, his good humor unimpaired, did exactly what he usually does after a game, which is down a few with the crowd at Jackson's.

Sometimes Bamberger doesn't even get that far. He has been known to stop off at postgame tailgate parties in the County Stadium parking lot and visit for hours with perfect strangers. Bam-

continued

Brewer Manager George Bamberger may be the most popular man in Milwaukee, and not only because he can hold his beer. In a single season he turned the Brewers from 95-game losers into 93-game winners **by RON FIMRITE**

PROSIT! HE'S THE TOAST OF THE TOWN



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENZ KLUTMEER



RABBIT AND COSTELLO.

How did photographer Marty Costello happen to opt for a VW Rabbit?

"I was shooting for the performance," answered Costello.

See, every day Rabbit and Costello travel the 35 miles round trip from Hammond, Indiana (where they live), to downtown Chicago (where they work). That's a lot of miles.

And a lot of driving in temperatures that plummet to a merciless 20° below in winter and climb all the way up to a sticky, not-so-terrible 100° in summer.

"So why a Rabbit?" we asked.

"Look," he said, "my Rabbit and I have been performing together for over a year now, and we're still going strong. Why? I'll tell you why: I get a lot for my dollar with it. I get a comfortable ride, great visibility, incredible road handling with front-wheel drive, and sensational service from people who are even friendlier than I am."

Nicely put, Mr. Costello.

"And don't forget," he added, "my work has me hopping around all

over the place. I need a car that can get me everywhere quickly and comfortably. One that's rugged enough to be driven almost anywhere, anytime. With my Rabbit, I've got a lot more than just a car with enough room to pack all my cameras, props and lighting equipment. I've got a pretty good idea that everything will always arrive in one piece."

Then we asked Costello one final question.

"You seem to get a million calls a day. What determines which job you take?"

...To which he replied, with an appropriately devilish grin:

"Who's on first?"

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

**Sometimes
the guys who get hit the hardest
aren't even in the game.**



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The sound of fast relief.**

It can get pretty rough up there in the grandstands. Every year spectators are clobbered by hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn, candy and beer. And when 15,000 fans begin to roar, many are hit with pounding headaches.

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berger is a man who doesn't merely say he likes people; he actually does like people. Even though managing is a business that tends to turn Samaritans into churls, he remains unflinchingly affable. He is not merely popular in Milwaukee but he is also, in the view of Brewers owner Bud Selig, "a legend around here. If you were stage-casting, George Bamberger and Milwaukee would be made for each other."

Bamberger is also an anomaly in the pressure cooker of pro sports. He had been in baseball 33 years before anyone thought of him as managerial material, yet when the Milwaukee job was offered to him, he accepted it only reluctantly, and he gleefully anticipates the day when he can chuck it and retire to Florida. Though he never managed anywhere before, his team won 93 games in 1978 as he transformed a sixth-place finisher into a contender, an accomplishment that made him Manager of the Year. In the process, he almost certainly became the highest-paid manager in the game.

In attaining these distinctions, Bamberger has proved to be an inveterate lineup-tinkerer and position-changer, traits not likely to endear a manager to his players. Nonetheless, he is as admired by them as he is by the fans, because his moves are not made to advertise his own tactical genius but to make certain everyone has a chance to play.

There are times, in fact, when Bamberger permits his players to decide for themselves when and where they will play. Before a recent game with the Orioles, he was relaxing in the dugout when Sal Bando, one of his stars, approached to pose a familiar question: "Am I playing?"

"Sure," replied Bamberger. "DH."

"Look, I'd just as soon play third tonight and DH tomorrow," said Bando. "Coop [First Baseman-DH Cecil Cooper] says he'd just as soon DH tonight and play first tomorrow."

"Great idea," said Bamberger, unfazed by this seeming impertinence. "I'll play Money [First-Second-Third Baseman Don Money] at first tonight. I'll make that change right now."

And, as visiting Baltimore newsmen shook their heads in disbelief, he hurried into the clubhouse to do just that. "Can you imagine a player saying that to Billy Martin?" one of the reporters muttered. "Or Earl Weaver?"

With a playing career that included

18 minor league seasons, Bamberger, 53, was trained in the so-called "old school," in which the manager's preachments were engraved on stone tablets. "In those days we didn't have the word 'communication,'" he says. "If the manager said, 'Do it,' we did it and shut up. If someone told me, 'Run 20 laps,' I ran 20 laps. If they asked me to jump a 20-foot fence, I'd have tried and kept trying." And yet he says he has had no difficulty adjusting to the changing times, becoming a "handler of men," not a despot. No strict disciplinarian, he nevertheless commands unusual respect from the freer spirits who play the game now. "You'll never meet a nicer guy," says the Orioles' Jim Palmer, whom Bamberger tutored for nine years when he was the game's most successful—and highest-paid—pitching coach. "And yet you wouldn't consider taking advantage of him. You just can't double-cross a guy like that. I don't know about nice guys finishing last, but George is a winner."

"He may be the game's best communicator," says Bando, employing that contemporary word. "George understands things about players other managers have forgotten. If you can't get along with him, you can't get along with anybody."

His nickname, Bamba, is all wrong, suggesting as it does fawning Bamberger, stocky, thick-necked, large-nosed, more nearly resembles a Brahma bull, and his language, spoken with a New York accent, is rougher than a platoon sergeant's. As sweet-tempered as he is, he was still ejected from seven games last season, which tied him for the league lead with the volatile Weaver. Weaver has a penchant for saying unkind things of a personal nature to umpires, such as, "You are blind and stupid." With Bamberger, it isn't so much what he says as how he says it, because he seemingly cannot utter a sentence that does not contain—as an adjective, adverb, noun or verb—some variation of the fateful four-letter word that umpires everywhere consider cause for automatic banishment. "I guess it's O.K. to use that word," says Bamberger wistfully, "if you don't say 'you' along with it." The frequency of his enforced departures would suggest that the inadvisable pronoun too often follows the inadmissible verb.

Bamberger, in sum, is forever himself. He is in the enviable position of holding down a coveted job he never sought and

will willingly relinquish when his contract expires after next season. He feels none of the crushing pressure that burdens his more ambitious colleagues. "He has no great pretensions about himself," says his general manager and longtime associate, Harry Dalton. "He has no massive ego that has to be massaged. He doesn't make moves so the fans will know his brain is working. He does nothing to magnify his own reputation." Indeed, he has a charming gift for self-deprecation. He will explain in numbing detail some involved stratagem and then conclude, "All that shows is that I'm full of crap." It's difficult to imagine a healthier person in a line of work that tends to encourage paranoia.

Bamberger's friends, like Weaver and Brooks Robinson, were flusterbasted when Bamberger left the security of his job as the Baltimore pitching coach to become a manager. "All he ever talked about was retiring to Florida," says Robinson. Besides, Bamberger was handsomely paid by the Orioles, and within his specialty his reputation was unexcelled. Before he became Baltimore's pitching coach in 1968, the Orioles had produced exactly one 20-game winner, Steve Barber in 1963, in their 14-year history. In the 10 years Bamberger held the job, they had 18, including four—Palmer, Pat Dobson, Mike Cuellar and Dave McNally—in 1971 and three—Palmer, McNally and Cuellar—in 1970.

Palmer, who won 20 or more seven times under Bamberger, credits him with "turning around our whole pitching program. We always had outstanding pitchers, but we had a history of arm injuries. Before George we didn't do any throwing, except on the mound in stress situations. He had us throwing every day for 15 or 20 minutes. And he ran us every day." Under Bamberger, the Oriole pitching staff doubled its number of complete games. And, Palmer says, Bamberger taught him control and dissuaded him from quitting baseball in 1968 when his sore arm seemed incurable. As the Hall of Fame will surely confirm, Palmer's arm came alive again. If Bamberger had accomplished nothing more than rescuing a career so brilliant, his reputation would be assured, but according to Weaver, the "Bamberger influence was everywhere. As the manager, I'd like to take some credit but, heck, George did it all. He's one of the game's greatest teachers. Throw strikes, he would say."

continued

There is nothing complicated about baseball. Maybe that's what makes George so good—there's nothing complicated about George."

As good as he was, Bamberger was considered by apparently everyone but Dalton to be strictly a specialist. The canon that former pitchers do not make good managers may have been laid to rest by the wonders performed last season by Bob Lemon, Tom Lasorda, Roger Craig and Bamberger, but when Milwaukee went looking for a manager in early 1978, that view still had currency. Dalton, then newly hired by Selig to pull the Brewers out of the bottom of the barrel, paid the anti-pitcher bias no mind and proposed a "long shot" for manager. Dalton is in the habit of shooting long. Of the seven skippers he has hired as general manager at Baltimore, California and Milwaukee, six, including Weaver, had no big league managing experience. One, Bobby Winkles, had been a college coach with but a single year as a major league coach.

Still, Bamberger looked to be perhaps Dalton's longest shot. He had never been anything but a pitcher and a pitching coach, and Dalton was well aware of Bamberger's eagerness to retire. Dalton was also accustomed to being rejected

by him. Twice in the early 1960s he had offered Bamberger the Orioles' minor league pitching instructor's job, and twice Bamberger had turned it down. Finally, in 1963, when Bamberger decided to quit as a player at age 39, he called Dalton to ask if the position was still open. This was a signal moment, because it is the only occasion in Bamberger's long career when he actually applied for a job. He got it.

When Dalton called him again in January of last year, Bamberger was predictably evasive. "Let me think it over and call you back," he told his old boss. When he did, he explained to Dalton how comfortable he was in Baltimore and how he was only going to be around one more season anyway. "Why not fly to Milwaukee and see who the best salesman is?" Dalton replied, Bamberger consented, but he told his wife Wilma that he was going to ask for a salary so high the Brewers would surely send him packing. "I couldn't see them gambling that much on me," Bamberger says. "Nobody knows if you can manage until you try it, and I'd never even managed in the minors. Besides, I was going to be giving up a lot. I wanted to be compensated for stepping onto the hot coals."

Dalton proved to be an ace sales-

man, and Bamberger a hard bargainer. Both got what they wanted, which in Bamberger's case was a contract reportedly worth slightly less than \$100,000 a season. There is also an attendance clause in the deal, and considering that the Brewers drew 486,468 more fans in '78 than they did in '77, it is estimated that Bamberger last year was paid about \$60,000 more than the face value of his contract.

Selig, still wary even after his new manager was signed, told Bamberger, "You know, George, I've always thought this club was a lot better than it has played." He was startled by the reply. "Let me tell you something," Bamberger said. "You guys are a bunch of losers." He might have been faulted for impudence but certainly not for inaccuracy. The Brewers had lost 95 games in 1977.

The next surprise for Selig came in spring training when Bamberger's unorthodoxy as a manager became apparent. "I wanted to find out what each individual on the team could do," he explains. "It's my theory that if a player is agile enough and has a strong enough arm, he ought to be able to play more than one position." So he worked Money, recognized as one of the game's best third basemen, at first and second. Paul Molitor, a rookie shortstop, was tried at second and third and, this spring, in the outfield. Robin Yount, the fine young shortstop, took a turn at second. Bando, a veteran third baseman, tried first. Eventually Bamberger developed the revolving-door lineup that transformed Milwaukee from a 95-game loser to a 93-game winner that led the league in hitting, homers and runs scored. When at various times injuries struck down Yount, Money, Cooper, Larry Hise, Gorman Thomas and Sixto Lezcano, Bamberger found ready replacements, because almost everyone on the roster had played several positions. It is his boast now that he has five regular infielders—Cooper, Money, Molitor, Yount and Bando—and four regular outfielders—Hise, Thomas, Lezcano and Ben Oglive. None of them will play 162 games this season, but, barring injury, all will play about 140, so deft is Bamberger in shuffling them in and out. In one three-game stretch in April, for example, Money played, in order, second, first and third.

Unsurprisingly, the Brewers' young

continued



Wits or lose, Bamberger (left) often stops in a pub to shoot the breeze—and foam—with the fans.



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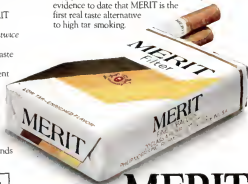
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pitchers blossomed under Bamberger and his pitching coach, Cal McLish. Larry Sorensen, now 23, won 18 games last year, and Jerry Augustine, 25, won 13, but the ace of the staff is a 30-year-old reclamation project, left-hander Mike Caldwell. Caldwell won 22 and lost only nine in 1978 and had an earned run average of 2.37. His 23 complete games led the major leagues. He was the American League's Comeback Player of the Year, and, had it not been for Ron Guidry, he also would have been the Cy Young Award winner. Caldwell had won a total of 13 games in the previous three seasons. He had had arm surgery, but his biggest problem, he contends, was lack of confidence. "I was being hit so hard I got defensive about throwing strikes," he says. "George revived my belief in myself. He got me throwing the ball over the plate. He explained it to me simply: the more strikes you throw, the more outs you get. That's almost too simple to be real." Most of the Brewers' pitchers heeded this maxim, and the staff gave up only 398 walks, the fewest in the league.

The man responsible for such prodigies had a lifetime major league record of 0-0, pitching 14 innings during parts of three seasons with the Giants, in 1951 and '52, and with the Orioles, in 1959. But he was tough in Triple A, where he spent 15 of his 18 playing seasons. On the day in 1951 that he learned of the birth of the first of his three daughters, he pitched a no-hitter for Ottawa of the International League, and in 1958 he set a Pacific Coast League record by pitching 68½ innings without issuing a walk. His arm went dead in 1949, his elbow in 1952 and his shoulder again in 1954 while favoring the elbow. For three seasons, '54 through '56, he pitched in such intense pain that he was obliged to pause for at least 20 seconds after every delivery before he could raise his arm again. "The fans got on me for working so slow," he says. He won 32 games at the Triple A level in those years. A man can learn much about the craft of pitching while playing such heavy duties.

Although he was a child of the Depression, Bamberger's youth, as he describes it, was idyllic. He was born and reared on Staten Island, a place, he says, "you had to pay to get onto and pay to get off of. It was like a vacation resort back then. We'd play ball in the streets



After bumming a brew in the County Stadium lot, Bamberger admires a 'Bamber's Bombers' T-shirt.

every day. A car might come by every 30 minutes." One of his grandfathers owned Bamberger's Hall, a German beer garden that was once the most popular meeting place in the borough. The old beer hall had fallen into disuse and disrepair by the time George was old enough to enjoy it, and his father had gone into the taxi business. "At one time my family had quite a bit of money," Bamberger says, "but we were really hurt by the Depression. Still, I had a lot of fun as a kid. I played all sports. Never worked a day."

He was a strong-armed infielder for the Great Kill Buccaneers, a semi-pro team, and he didn't really learn to pitch until he entered the Army after his high school graduation. He was used mostly as a pitcher when he played with the 702nd Engineers during World War II in Africa and Italy. After mustering out, he signed with the Giants as an infielder but was switched to the mound after one day of throwing batting practice at spring training in Lakewood, N.J. Thus began a tortuous and tortured odyssey to the top of his profession.

Though Selig and Dalton hope he will change his mind, Bamberger insists that he and Wilma, to whom he has been married for 29 years, will shuffle off without regret to Redding Beach, Fla. after the

1980 season. There he will do a little coaching in the Instructional League and work with one of the big-league clubs in spring training. Nothing more. Before that happy time, he would like to manage a pennant winner. "When I took over last year I said we'd be a .500 ball club then and a contender this year," Bamberger says. "Well, we were a contender last year, so we're ahead of my schedule. That means we'll just have to win it this year."

If they do, it will not be without opposition, because the Brewers are in a division with the Yankees, Red Sox and Orioles. In a memorable week earlier this month, Milwaukee played a succession of high-scoring games with Boston and Baltimore. On a chill Thursday night in Milwaukee the Red Sox and Brewers slugged six home runs between them and were tied, 10-10, entering the ninth. Despite the earlier bombardment, the game would be decided by tactics, not power.

Jim Rice led off the ninth for Boston by drawing a walk. Bamberger replaced the right-handed Reggie Cleveland with the left-handed Augustine to pitch to the left-handed-hitting Carl Yastrzemski, hoping, he later acknowledged, that Yastrzemski would sacrifice Rice to second. "If he bunts, I walk George Scott, pinch to Jack Brohamer and bring in Bill Castro," a

continued

righthander, to pitch to the righthanded Dwight Evans. But Yar blew his sacrifice attempt and, with two strikes against him, singled Rice to second. Scott did bunt, but he reached first when the ball rolled past Castro, who had been brought in earlier than planned. Brohamer hit into a double play that erased Rice at the plate, so Bamberger ordered an intentional walk for Dwight Evans, re-loading the bases.

Castro stayed in the game as Boston Manager Don Zimmer summoned the lefthand-hitting Jim Dwyer to bat for Catcher Gary Allenson. "Ah ha," Bam-

berger said to himself, "they're playing into my hands." Dwyer, a .235 lifetime hitter, was exactly the man he wanted up in this situation. Had he lifted Castro for a lefthander, Zimmer would surely have brought in the powerful righthand batter, Butch Hobson, as a pinch hitter.

And so . . . Dwyer singled cleanly to left, scoring the tying and winning runs. "What it amounted to," Bamberger explained afterward, "is that I was [profanity] wrong."

The loss also forced Bamberger's hand in unwanted ways for the next evening's game with Baltimore. He originally had

planned to bench the righthand-hitting Thomas against the Orioles' scheduled starter, Steve Stone, since Thomas had only one hit in six at bats off Stone in 1978. Hsieh would play centerfield, with Oglivie in left and Lezcano in right. But while everybody else had jumped on Boston pitching the day before, Thomas had struck out four consecutive times, all the more reason, one might say, why he shouldn't play against the Orioles. This reasoning doesn't take into account Bamberger's compassion. "I can't take a man out after he's had a bad night like that," he lamented. "I just can't do that to a man."

So Thomas again played center, with Oglivie in right, Hsieh in left and Lezcano, carefully briefed by Bamberger, on the bench. The Brewers won 9-3 as Thomas made two spectacular catches and kept a rally alive with a key single when the score was still tied. Weaver was ejected in the fifth inning, putting him one up on Bamberger for the season. Another Oriole was sent packing during a furious seventh-inning argument that followed a bases-loaded balk call on Baltimore Pitcher Don Stanhouse.

After the game Bamberger was ecstatic. Thomas had vindicated his faith in him, and so had his starting pitcher, Sorensen, who finished the game despite giving up five straight hits and all the Baltimore runs in the second inning. Had Bamberger considered changing pitchers at that unpromising juncture?

"Oh sure," he said. "I was getting close, but you've got to give the guy the benefit of the doubt. In the long run that helps you." If the balk call had not been made, he said, "I would've called the umpire a [several bad words] and have been thrown out like Earl."

The telephone rang. Bamberger excused himself and answered it. "Earl, hey, Earl." He laughed, advising with a hand over the mouthpiece that it was Weaver on the line. "Yeah, Earl, I was just explaining the balk call. Hey, you cursed that umpire. I was reading your lips. Sure I had my glasses on." He laughed uproariously, winking at the reporters in his office. Then, still chuckling, he returned to the conversation. "Back to the hotel for a drink? Sure, I'd like to, Earl, but I'm a little bushed. I'm just gonna have a couple of beers down at Ray Jackson's and go on home. . . ."

END



Fans helped make Bamberger, whose contract has an attendance clause, the best-paid manager.

Answer Update

More answers to your important questions

From gasoline supplies to door locks...

Shell Answer Books give answers. Sometimes they also bring up questions. Here we're responding to inquiries raised by Answer Books #15, The Accident Book, and #16, The Home Security Book — and to a lot of questions about the current gasoline shortage.

Q. Why are we short of gasoline?

A. The disruption in Iranian exports, which started late last year, came at a time when demand for oil was steadily increasing worldwide. Something had to give.

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Q. What can we as a nation do about it?

A. We can use less energy and develop more energy sources. For example, development of our own oil and gas reserves could help a lot. America's energy potential includes billions of barrels of oil and trillions of cubic feet of natural gas on land held by the government — both onshore and offshore.

The problem is that many promising areas have not been made available for exploration.

Changing the situation will require a national policy that encourages aggressive exploration on America's public lands. It can be done while still protecting the environment.

Q. What can we as individuals do about it?

A. For one thing, you can conserve gasoline. If everyone cuts his gasoline use by 5 percent, we'll go a long way toward solving the immediate problem.

For some handy tips, get a copy of The Rush Hour Book and The Gasoline Mileage Book from a participating Shell dealer. Or write for free copies to Shell Oil Company, P.O. Box 61609, Houston, Texas 77208.

The Rush Hour Book suggests ways to cut the number of miles you drive. The Gasoline Mileage Book tells how several people saved an average 23 percent on gasoline consumption.

Q. Couldn't deadbolt door locks be a fire safety hazard?

A. Yes. In our Home Security Book we recommend double-key deadbolt locks. They are great for security, but could create problems during an emergency, when it's critical to unlock a door and get out of the house quickly.

One idea is to use the deadbolt lock during the day, when the house is empty and most burglaries occur. At night, when most residential fires occur and your family is at home, you could either leave the key in the deadbolt lock or only use the regular door



Leave the key to a double-key deadbolt lock in the lock or nearby while people are in the house. Make sure all family members know about it.

lock. The choice must rest with the homeowner.

Q. Should cars involved in an accident be moved or not?

A. Many readers of our Accident Book have asked this. Most police departments recommend moving vehicles involved in an accident out of the flow of traffic to help prevent secondary accidents and traffic jams. They also recommend you not move the vehicles if there has been a fatality or serious injury. Contact the police department in your area for information on local ordinances.

If you have any questions about any of these subjects, write "Answer Update," c/o Shell Oil Company, P.O. Box 61609, Houston, Texas 77208.



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When the major league teams sit down in June to make their draft choices, one name will be in a lot of heads, if not on a lot of lips. Many clubs are believed to be interested in obtaining the services of a 21-year-old Japanese-American pitcher who most often is referred to as "that kid from Hawaii" or "Derek Whatsisname." To be sure, all general managers know the name; it's just that some of them don't know how to say it. Actually, the pronunciation isn't that difficult. The name is Tatsuno, spoken, Hawaiian-style, as Tot-SUNE-oh. It's worth remembering. Even practicing.

Tatsuno, a junior at the University of Hawaii, is a 5' 10", 175-pound lefthander whose pitching is the main reason the Rainbows have a 61-6 record so far this season and the No. 1 ranking in the nation. Until he lost 12-4 last Sunday to Cal State-Fullerton, he had won 20 games, a streak that dated back to May 2, 1978. That victory string is only one figure in a set of career statistics that really should be chanted instead of reduced to type.

Most baseball people have never amounted to much as linguists—remember the youngest Alou's struggle to be called "Hay-soos"—but they read numbers well. They started scrutinizing Tatsuno's when he was still pitching for Honolulu's Aiea High. At the end of his senior year, he had an ERA of 0.34 and a career record of 27-1. The Reds drafted him then, but Tatsuno, one of the sanest southpaws ever to toe a rubber, felt he wasn't ready for pro ball.

Instead, his specialty at Hawaii is horticulture, and he has a 2.8 grade average. In the spring of 1977 he won 11 games for the Rainbows, lost two, struck out 146 batters in 116 innings and had an ERA of 2.87. In 1978 he fell off to 9-3, but lowered his ERA to 1.45 and whiffed 161 batters in 112 innings. Before Hawaii's recent series with St. Mary's of California and Mississippi State, Tatsuno's ERA af-



Derek Tatsuno, the Rainbows' sensational lefty, has won 20 of his last 21 decisions

He's a Honolulu lulu

ter 14 games in 1979 was an incredible 0.76. But he then allowed 11 runs while beating the Gaels and the Bulldogs, pushing his ERA up to 1.20.

Tatsuno said his fastball had no zip and his curve hung in those games, but though he needed some ninth-inning heroics by his teammates to pull out a 6-5 win against State and keep his streak alive, he did have enough on the ball to strike out 23 batters in the two outings. And lest the visiting mainlanders think that Tatsuno's reputation was some island fantasy, he came back to beat State 10-0 in a second game. In that victory he fanned nine and allowed only five hits, one of which should have been scored as an error. Even with his loss to Fullerton, which slapped him for five runs in the fifth inning, Tatsuno has now won 75

high school, college, summer league and college all-star games. He has lost 12. "He's about the best I've seen in 13 years of coaching," says Mississippi State skipper Ron Polk. "I'm on the All-America committee, and he's got my vote."

To that, Tatsuno's coach, Les Murakami, adds the title of "the No. 1 college pitcher in the world," which is no idle boast. The last two springs Tatsuno pitched for the U.S. college all-stars in their annual series with the Japanese college all-stars. He was named outstanding pitcher both times and is now a celebrity in his ancestors' homeland. It may not be long before he becomes famous in the U.S. as well, because the team that picks him in the upcoming draft will probably have to give him a major league contract to get him to sign.

Tatsuno may be ready for the bigs right now. His repertoire is remarkably diverse—a hopping fastball, a late-breaking curve, a deceptive changeup, a sneaky slider and a screwball that still needs work.

It would seem that any pitcher so sophisticated at such a tender age must have had some high-powered coaching. But when Tatsuno is asked who taught him how to pitch, he says, "I don't really know. I started playing baseball when I was six, mostly with neighborhood kids who were three or four years older, and when I was eight, I started at shortstop in Little League ball. It was Coach Kagawa's idea to make me a pitcher—funny. I can't remember his first name. But he didn't show me how to pitch. I just sort of knew."

"In high school, Coach Anzai"—a pause and a brief grin—"that was George Anzai, helped me with mixing up pitches and trying for spots, but he had been a catcher and didn't tell me how to throw." Tatsuno looks a little embarrassed. He is a well-mannered, respectful young man, and the last thing he wants to do is claim for himself all the credit for his pitching. Still searching, Tatsuno

continued



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says, "Coach Les [Murakami] has been great, and so has Coach Jim [Fujimori, an assistant coach who handles Hawaii's outfielders and helps with the pitchers], but they really don't talk to me much about pitching." Murakami, a onetime pitcher, agrees, saying, "Derek had it all when he got here."

Is it possible that this Sansei Japanese boy, the son of Nisei parents—Tatsuno's father Herbert is a maintenance man at a Honolulu department store—was born with an innate ability to pitch masterfully? Apparently. "It's really amazing," says Don Dennis, manager of the Alaska Goldpanners of Fairbanks. He saw Tatsuno whip the Panthers, perennially one of the best amateur teams in the U.S., in a 1977 game in which Tatsuno allowed only five hits. "He has the build, the easy pitching motion, I can believe that. But the pitches, the tempo, all those fine touches, how could he have been born with them?" Tatsuno, it seems, may be that rare athlete, the genuine natural.

Some of Tatsuno's other baseball talents also seem more instinctive than learned. He is a quick fielder who last year went 14 games without an error. College teams use designated hitters, so Tatsuno has been limited to 19 at bats this year and his average is .263, but in his final high school season, when he took his regular turn at the plate, he hit .387. "Some people thought I should quit pitching and go to the outfield," he says, "but I like to throw."

Because of an agreement between the major leagues and the NCAA, Tatsuno was ineligible for the draft the past two years; he had not yet completed his junior season or turned 21. One of those barriers has been passed—his 21st birthday was on Jan. 16—and the other will be when Hawaii's season ends in late May or early June, depending on how far it progresses in the NCAA playoffs. Tatsuno is looking forward to the draft, but he is quite prepared to spend another year at the university and get his degree if he doesn't get any alluring offers. Without being cocky about it, he is confident he can now play in the majors, especially in light of his 5-1 record last summer for Liberal, Kans. in the tough National Baseball Congress Jayhawk League.

A lot of scouts agree with his self-assessment, and it may be that the most difficult thing Tatsuno will have to overcome in his rush to the big leagues is a

lingering prejudice that no Japanese or Japanese-American can quite cut it in the majors. In the minds of some baseball men, Japanese players are all right for beating up on each fall, when one of the U.S. major league teams makes a tour of Japan, but beyond that, as baseball players Japanese make nice little folks. Of course, only a few of these folks have ever gotten a chance in the big leagues, most notably Reliever Masanori Murakami, who pitched in 54 games for the Giants in 1964-65 and won five of six decisions. Murakami then returned to Japan, where he was something less than a resounding success.

If Tatsuno is to become a star, he will have to overcome the sort of prejudice that he encountered while playing in the Alaskan summer league in 1977, not to mention an apparent inability to pitch in chilly weather. He can expect to be called a Jap again, and he will undoubtedly have to withstand frequent allusions, both insulting and supposedly humorous, to Pearl Harbor. But because his poise is already as formidable as his pitching repertoire, there seems a good chance that he will be effective against both bigots and big league hitters.

THE WEEK

(April 15-21)

by JIM KAPLAN

AL EAST

The Yankees (14-2) had their first fight of the season, and it was costly. The fracas started in the clubhouse bathroom when 210-pound ace Reliever Goose Gossage and 217-pound reserve Catcher Cliff Johnson began kidding each other. On the way to the showers, friendly pushing turned into not-so-friendly punching. Gossage landed the most damaging—on himself—blow, suffering a torn ligament in the thumb of his pitching hand. He is expected to be out of action at least two months. Meanwhile, the Yankees frequently acted as if they didn't need relief. Ed Figueroa threw five no-hit innings en route to beating Texas 5-3. Ron Guidry won his first game, stopping Baltimore 5-1 on three hits and 10 strikeouts, and Tommy John won his third, setting down the Orioles 3-1. Left Gossage's absence become too costly. John, a team man if there ever was one, volunteered to take up the slack in the bullpen. He will remain in the rotation, while Dick Tidrow attempts to replace Gossage.

The woes—and wins—of injury-plagued

Boston also piled up. Pitcher Dennis Ekersley was the latest casualty, taking a line drive on the elbow. He will miss a turn. Still, the Red Sox won five of seven and moved into first place. Fred Lynn had four homers to take the major league lead with seven but wasn't pleased. "I'm actually kind of disgusted with my hitting right now," said Lynn, who had just one two-hit game. "I've missed a few balls that I should have hit. My job is to get on base." The best on-base man was Carl Yastrzemski, who is hitting .375. Yaz clubbed his 386th career homer and his 542nd double, which tied Harry Heilmann for 10th on the all-time list.

By keeping his cool, Pitcher Jim Palmer prevented Baltimore (3-3) from going winless on a six-game road trip. After his teammates committed two costly errors, Palmer was trailing the Yankees 3-1 in the second inning, with one out, the bases loaded and a 2-0 count on Reggie Jackson. Bitterly critical of his teammates' fielding in the past, Palmer stayed calm, got Jackson to hit into a double play and thereafter allowed just three hits. The Orioles won 6-3. Less cool was Palmer's teammate Mike Flanagan when he gave up a homer to Jackson in a 5-1 loss. "I got on top of my windup, ready to throw a curveball," said Flanagan. "Then I thought better of it. It was a bastard curveball, a hanger. What I should have done was step off the mound." Manager Earl Weaver was about ready to step on his hitters. "We have some guys in the lineup with no concept of the strike zone," he said. "They're swinging at balls over their head and in the dirt." Only Gary Roenicke's 9-for-16 hitting, including two three-hit games, kept the Birds' batting respectable.

Toronto was in no way respectable. The Blue Jays not only lost five of six but also infuriated their fans. An exhibition with Montreal was called off with the score tied 4-4 in the 11th inning. No inning could start after 7:15 because the Expos had to catch a flight to Chicago for a real game with the Cubs the next day, but no announcement of the deadline was made to the crowd of 21,564 until extra innings began. Then the teams disgraced themselves. With the Blue Jays about to bat at 7:11, Montreal Manager Dick Williams engaged the plate umpire in a long conversation. When the crowd booed, Catcher Duffy Dyer threw the ball into centerfield. The Blue Jays stood by without protesting. By the time the ball reached Pitcher David Palmer it was 7:15, and the game was called. Boozing drowned out the postgame ceremonies, and Toronto riot police were needed to disperse the fans.

Led by Steve Kemp (1444) and Lou Whitaker (506), Detroit (4-1) hit .320. "My job is to pick it," said Whitaker, who nonetheless hit his first homer of the season. "You know, field. When I'm going good out there, that's when you see me smiling. When I'm not smiling

continued

ing. I'm still going good." That's why they call him Sweet Lou.

Early season sweetness behind them, the Brewers lost four of six and dropped out of the lead. The Milwaukee defense and slugging came up short, and Mike Caldwell's team-record string ended at 25 scoreless innings, even though he beat the Orioles 4-2. Then Caldwell lost his first game of the season, 6-3, to Baltimore. Despite a 2-4 week, Cleveland's habitual gloom was brightened by the end of several dismal streaks. Tony Harrah clubbed the team's first homer of the year in its eighth game, enabling the Indians to beat Boston 4-3. Two games later Gary Anderson's three-run shot beat Texas for the first time in 14 games. Finally, Pitcher Wayne Garland, whose career had been threatened by an injured rotator cuff that required surgery, pitched his first regular-season game at 11(1) minutes. Garland took the loss, giving up three runs and seven hits in six innings but was pleased with his performance. "I don't see how I could have pitched any better," he said.

BOS 8-4NY 5-6 MIL 7-6 DET 5-5
BAL 7-6 TOR 5-6 CLE 7-3-9

AL WEST On the surface it looked like a jolly homecoming for Minnesota. The Twins had won seven of their first nine games, all on the road, and an opening-day record crowd of 37,529 gave a standing ovation to Rod Carew. Just one problem: Carew was playing for the other guys. Having joined California after 12 seasons in Minnesota, Carew looked on with pleasure as new teammate Nolan Ryan sent down the Twins 6-0 on four hits. Ryan later ended the Angels' 6-0 week with seven no-hit innings while beating Oakland 13-1. For his part, Carew had two four-hit games, one three-hit game and a .560 average. Minnesota owed its only wins in a 2-3 week to Jerry Kosman, who beat Seattle 18-6 and 6-5. "You're the only pitcher I know," teammate Roy Smalley told Kosman, "who needs touchdowns instead of runs."

It was not a good week for sentiment in Chicago. The White Sox gave away 15,000 eggs but dropped an Easter Sunday game 6-5 to New York when Outfielder Claudell Washington lost a fly ball in the run. Later the Sox broke a lot of hearts by sending 5' 5" — or is it 5' 3"? — Shortstop Harry Chapman to the minors. But in the meantime Chicago cold-bloodedly won five straight after making Mike Proly a reliever. Proly combined with Francisco Barreros for a 6-1, three-hit win over Toronto, helped Ken Kneave three-hit Cleveland 4-2 and saved rookie Randy Scarberry's first major league win, 8-4 over Toronto. In the White Sox' 12-5 romp against Toronto, five players — Alan Bannister, Mike Squires, Eric Soderholm, Greg Pryor, who beat out Chappas at short,

and Chet Lemon — had three hits apiece.

Oakland split six games, but had a disastrous week nonetheless. During a three-game sweep of Seattle, the A's drew 4,806 fans, including an Oakland major league low of 653 for the series' second game. A measly crowd of 2,938 showed up for the opener, a Family Night promotion, prompting much comment on the divorce rate in Alameda County. The A's marriage to Oakland seemed at least as precarious. Explaining the low attendance, Robert Nuhus, president of the Oakland Coliseum Commission, said, "It's a community revolt against [owner Charlie] Finley. He's the most complex individual I've ever dealt with."

Seattle had as much trouble on the road as Oakland had at home, losing five times to the A's and Twins. At Oakland, an airport snafu left the Mariners without their equipment until five minutes before the scheduled start of batting practice. The same stop also cost them the services of Pitcher Byron McLaughlin for at least a week. McLaughlin was in his room at the Airport Hilton inspecting his pitching motion in the mirror. He found just one flaw: on his follow-through, he tends to bang the knuckle of his index finger on the edge of the dresser. He sustained a sprained and swollen finger. By the time the Twins were through with them, the embattled Mariners had allowed an average of almost eight runs a game for the week.

Texas (2-3) became the last team in baseball to lose a game this season when they blew a 6-1 lead en route to being blown down 11-6 by Detroit. The Tigers scored seven runs after two were out in the ninth. In his first Yankee Stadium start, Ferguson Jenkins beat the Yankees 5-0. It was his fourth win of the year, lowering his ERA to 1.41. Al Oliver, who has hit safely in every game, raised his batting average to .429.

Kansas City began the week by beating Toronto 12-10 but allowed 15 hits in the process, which was a bad omen. Three vaunted Royal starters were subsequently shellacked. Larry Gura and Paul Splittorff losing to Detroit 10-4 and 6-3, respectively, and Dennis Leonard and Gura sustaining defeats at Boston, 9-2 and 10-4, respectively. It didn't help that the Royals were third in the league in hitting (.295): their pitching was so bad they barely pulled out an exhibition win over the University of Kansas.

CAL 12-3 TEX 6-3 MINN 6-5 CHB 7-6
KC 5-7 SEA 5-10 OAK 4-11

NL EAST In between getting fined \$250 for admitting he had used marijuana and being bruised when struck by a taxi while jogging to the ball park, Montreal's Bill Lee nearly pitched a no-hitter. Lee beat the Cubs 2-0 on two hits, giving up his first in the sixth inning on a controversial line single by Barry Foote. Un-

proven John Bard ruled that the ball had been trapped by Rightfielder Ellis Valentine. Lee, Valentine and Manager Dick Williams disagreed, but Expo players at the end of the bench nearest Valentine agreed with the call. If the decision had gone the other way, Lee wouldn't have had to face Bill Buckner, who singled with two outs in the ninth. Otherwise, the Expos (3-3) won most of the close calls. They are 6-2 in one-run games; last season they were 23-36. A big reason for the turnaround is the bench, which hit only 179 in 1978. The reserves, who batted .300 last week and scored two runs, wear BUS (BROKE UNDER-RATED SUPERSEARS) T-shirts and give awards to each other for outstanding effort. The leading candidate for BUS player-of-the-month, Jerry White, is in line for the coveted soy bus. "I hope it's a Tridways," said White. "That way I can make a few bucks on the side."

Neither New York (0-6) nor Pittsburgh (0-5) was in a joking mood. Dropping into last place, the Mets overruled clubhouse garbage cans, cursed and stood endlessly in the shower. Nothing worked, not even moving Lee Mazzilli (1.462 at leadoff) back in the order. As a cleanup hitter, Mazzilli went 0 for 8. All Pittsburgh could do was gape when Philadelphia's Greg Luzinski became the first visiting player to deposit a ball in Three Rivers Stadium's fifth tier. Embarrassed by their infield defense, which has made 14 errors, the Pirates surprisingly traded weak-fielding but speedy Shortstop Frank Tomars to the Mets for average-field, no-hit Tim Lincecum.

The biggest surprise in Philadelphia (6-0) was the pitching. Former Met Nino Espinoza and Dick Ruthven each beat New York twice, and Randy Lerch and Steve Carlton each held the Pirates to two runs as the staff allowed just nine runs in six games. Though the Philadelphia pitchers looked weak in spring training, they have a 2.85 earned-run average so far in the regular season.

St. Louis had more to apologize for than its 2-4 play. At a press conference called by the club, Third Baseman Ken Reitz admitted causing most of the \$1,068 damage to a TWA waiting room during a fight late the previous week. "I screwed up, plain and simple," said Reitz, who threw a chair and broke a glass partition. Ken Hernandez and Silvio Martinez, who also participated in the destruction, will help Reitz pay the tab. Mike Dummel, an outfielder who contributed big plays to the two wins, was blameless. But when Jerry Humphrey returned from the disabled list, the Cardinals ended Dummel to the minors.

Content to let his bat do the talking, Cub Dave Kingman smashed three homers, drove in 10 runs and pronounced himself off-limits to the press. Kingman was distressed by non-baseball stories, especially one that called him the worst-dressed player on the team. Ken Holtzman was happy to talk. He beat St. Lou-

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is 5-3 for his first National League win since 1971. With strong contributions from Bruce Sutter, who had four saves, and Lynn McGlothen, who pitched two wins, the Cubs rebounded from their 0-4 start by winning five of seven and climbing from sixth to third.

PHIL 6-3 MONT 8-4 CHI 5-6
ST. L. 6-7 PIT 4-NY 3-8

NL WEST Houston (6-1) moved into first as Joaquin Andujar, Ken Forsch and Vern Ruhle threw complete-game victories. San Francisco (2-5) dropped from first to third, but it was a banner week for Willie McCovey. Getting two rare starts, the Golden Oldie, 41, had two hits in a 14-10 victory over San Diego and two more, including the game winner, in a 3-2 defeat of Los Angeles. The new second-place team was surging Cincinnati (5-1). Tom Seaver two-hit Atlanta 2-0 for his 48th career shutout, and Fred Norman, who had gone

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOSE CRUZ: The Astro leftfielder had two homers, two game-winning hits and 14 runs batted in, including six in one game. He is second in the National League in both RBIs (16) and stolen bases (7) and has a .300 average.

nearly 20 months without a complete game, threw one at St. Louis, winning 10-3. Neither pitcher had to wait long for support, as the first four men in the batting order—Ken Griffey (500, two homers and six runs for the week), Dave Concepcion (400), Joe Morgan (421) and George Foster (444, two homers, seven RBIs)—kept their averages above .300.

With Reggie Smith sidelined by a knee injury, Los Angeles (2-4) was batting an anemic 242. That left Manager Tom Lasorda juggling his lineup and fuming at the umpires, who gave Giant Reliever Gary Lavelle as much time as he needed to warm up. Lavelle came in for John Montefusco, who retired suddenly because of arm stiffness. "I'm going to tell the umpire my pitcher has a sore arm," said Lasorda. "What a farce this game would become then." What a farce Atlanta (1-4) is, even Duke Murphy's three homers were waived in losing causes. And what a show the Padres (5-2) put on. As Jerry Turner and Dave Winfield drove in eight and seven runs, respectively, and Gene Tenace had three homers and six RBIs, San Diego reached the 500 level 64 games earlier than they ever have. Uncharacteristically, the Padres did it with poor pitching—42 runs allowed—and an excellent defense, which committed only four errors in seven games.

HOUS 11-4 CIN 9-8 SF 9-7
SD 8-SEA 7-8 ATL 4-10

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Supply, but no demand

The game's 80-odd free agents are being snubbed by club owners, according to the Players Association, a situation that could have grave consequences this fall

On some fateful Sunday afternoon this fall, an NFL stadium filled with fans and television personnel may become the victim of a unique group of no-shows—the players. Don't panic just yet, sports fans, but the prospect of a players' strike is a possibility as a result of player dissatisfaction over the absence of bidding for and signing and enriching of 80-odd NFL free agents. The principals in this prospective confrontation are the NFL Players Association (Ed Garvey, executive director), and the board of Player Representatives vs. the NFL's Man-

agement Council. The two sides appeared to have ended their three-year hassle in March 1977, when both agreed to a five-year collective-bargaining agreement, but . . . time out.

One of the major points in that contract was Article XV, which laid down the guidelines on free agents, those players who have finished the option year of their contracts or whose contracts have expired. The old Rozelle Rule, which a federal court deemed was in violation of antitrust laws, allowed the NFL commissioner to determine player or draft-

choice compensation for teams that lost free agents to other clubs when the clubs could not agree on their own. Article XV was drawn up to create a more open market for free agents by determining compensation, if any, within a given time frame. Once a player's contract expires on Feb. 1, he can entertain offers from any other club. By the same date, his old club can make him a qualifying, or first-refusal, offer. This gives the old club the right to match any new offer and retain the player's services or to release him in exchange for predetermined compensation in draft choices. (An offer of \$50,000 or less requires no compensation.)

If the player receives no offers by April 15, he goes into a contractual "limbo" until June 1, when he has to be notified in writing whether his original team wants him or not. If it does, he receives a 10% raise or the last best written offer the club has made. If his original club

continued



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Garvey has scrimmaged with owners before.

doesn't want him, he becomes "totally free" and available to any other club in the league without compensation to his former club.

The Players Association contends, however, that the owners have conspired to breach the spirit of Article XV by making offers that are deliberately low or refusing to bid at all for free agents. Garvey says that during the three seasons the article has been in force, only Cornerback Norm Thompson, who went from the Cardinals to the Colts in 1977, did so. In what the Players' Association feels should be the spirit of Article XV. In nearly every other case, free agents have received few offers and have eventually signed with their original clubs for less money than a free market should bring, at least according to the Players Association. Garvey's translation: collusion.

A case in point is Mike Thomas, the Redskins running back who played out his option in 1978. Thomas, who was paid a reported \$110,000 last season, asked the Redskins for a new contract that would pay him \$700,000 to \$800,000 over five years. The Redskins countered with a qualifying offer of \$90,000 for one year. Thomas didn't get a single offer from any of the 27 other clubs, who knew full well that he had missed several games because of an injury that some of his teammates felt shouldn't have incapac-

itated him. Therefore, unless Thomas persuades the Redskins to up their offer, he'll have to settle for the 10% increase in Washington—or quit the game or go to Canada.

"The owners have told us time and time again that they want to keep the lid on salaries," says Garvey. "They don't want to see a baseball situation occur in pro football. As one owner said to me, 'Why should I bid for one of Bud Adams' players? If I do, he's going to get mad and bid for one of mine. Then I get one new player, lose two and wind up paying the new guy more than I should.' The situation we have in football is that stadiums are virtually sold out, so no one individual makes as much difference (to attendance) as he might in baseball, basketball or hockey. So if you go out and hire Mike Thomas, he won't bring any fans in, because they're already in. So most of the owners say, 'I'm not going to go after this guy because it doesn't make any economic difference. My bottom line is the same in terms of income, so I'm going to save the \$150,000 it would take to sign Mike Thomas.'"

And for those who consider \$90,000 a hefty salary, the Players Association is quick to point out that each NFL club, whether its record is 16-0 or 0-16, receives an average of \$5.5 million a year in television revenue alone.

"We want to see players get the same percentage of the gross they got a few years ago," Garvey says. "Instead, it keeps declining. If the players felt they were getting fair salaries, all this would be irrelevant. As it is, they feel they're getting shortchanged. The league claims that the average free-agent salary went up 27.8% last year. Assuming they're correct—and they've never sent us any figures to prove it—the problem we have with that is the average salary went up 44% under the old Rozelle Rule."

For its part, management contends that the price tag on free agents is too high before June 1 and that signing them is too often an expensive gamble at any time. In Thomas' case, any club that signed him before mid-April would have been obligated to give the Redskins its top choice in next month's player draft. Had a team waited longer to acquire him, it still would risk a "high" salary on a running back who has been injury prone and whose performance curve, owing to age and the punishment he takes at his position,

soon will head south—if it hasn't already.

The clubs also claim that the free-agent list is loaded with malcontents, players of marginal talent or those who play positions in which the teams are already well stocked. And it is possible that the injury-protection benefits in the current contract have generated a widespread reluctance to acquire an older, high-salaried player who has had a history of injury. A team is now liable for an injured player's salary both during the season in which he is hurt and for half of the following season, up to a total of \$37,500.

Another factor is the 16-game season and the premium it has placed on player versatility. Few clubs today can afford the luxury of aging stars who cannot play on special teams.

As might be expected, some agents have put in their 10% worth. If the option player is due a 10% increase in any case, his agent isn't doing the player—or himself—much good unless he can negotiate a raise a lot bigger than 10%. "It becomes a very interesting chess match," Garvey says of the renewed struggle with the league owners, "but the conclusion I've reached is that, as television money increases, player salaries will continue to drop in terms of a significant percentage of gross revenue. They will never go up to match the doubling and tripling of money that has come to the clubs."

Because the Players Association believes the owners have violated Article XV, and Garvey claims the players feel more militant about the matter than the union leadership does, Article III similarly may be breached. It reads, in part, "... neither the NFLPA nor any of its members will engage in any strike, work stoppage, or other concerted action interfering with the operations of the NFL or any club..."

Hoping for some "reasonable adjustments" to the 1977 agreement, the Players Association and an owners' group, which includes Mike Brown of Cincinnati, Leonard Tose of Philadelphia, Hugh Culverhouse of Tampa Bay, Chuck Sullivan of New England and John Thompson of Seattle, will discuss the matter during the next two weeks. When the board of Player Representatives meets in June, it will decide whether any collective action, such as a strike, is called for. The way things look now, the owners may wish they had made a freer market for free agents.

END



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A rough time at La Costa

Tom Watson strayed from the straight and narrow at the Tournament of Champions, but came out of the sand, water and weeds so dexterously he won by six strokes

The upper crust of the pro golf tour returned to the land of milk, honey and the jet-powered Jacuzzi last week for the MONY Tournament of Champions, an event strictly for the elite. Members of the elite will remind you that tour golf was never meant to be fun, but at the La Costa Country Club it is about as far removed from torture as it ever gets.

The T of C is a chance for the game's top players, defined here as those who have won at least one tournament in the preceding 12 months, to gather with their wives and children at a fancy resort outside of San Diego, steam all the Masters' tradition and history out of their pores, play a little, party a little and laugh a lot. La Costa's walkways are lined with flowers, its buffets are dazzling showcases and the grounds could have been groomed by a team of hair stylists. In this tranquil setting the golfers are soothed by free rooms, meals and beverages. They also have privileges at the resort's pushbutton spa, where they can be kneaded, pummeled, greased, pampered and worked over by a team of specialists in starched white uniforms and tennis shoes. After being pounded by a muscled masseur in sunglasses, golfer Bruce Lietzke sighed, more or less happily, "I feel like The Iron Claw just got done with me."

With so many distractions, this event leads the tour in "missing wives." Instead of watching their husbands play, the women are out horseback riding, whacking away at tennis balls or trying out a new eye shadow in the beauty salon. Taking one thing with another, however, the



very best thing about the tournament is its first name. The MONY is \$300,000, and that kind of bread slices pretty thickly among a 28-man field. Tom Watson won \$54,000 for his six-stroke victory over Lietzke and Jerry Pate, who won \$29,500 apiece. Gary Player was fourth for \$18,000. Even last place was worth \$3,500. Jerry Heard won it and still looked happy. Jack Nicklaus, who spent the week trying to kick-start his game, never got the motor going and finished tied for 15th for a check of \$6,250. That means, however, that an 16 T of Cs he has won \$204,002, which is an entire career total for some people.

All in all, it was a good week for cham-



A nice enough week for two expectant fathers: Masters champion Zoeller (left) signed autographs, while Watson led from start to finish

pions, and one of them, a female, used the tournament as a setting for her wedding. Carol Mann, the 1965 U.S. Women's Open champion and a television announcer for NBC at La Costa, married Jim Hardy, a former tour golfer, in the clubhouse on Saturday afternoon after the third round of play.

And if this is not evidence enough that the T of C enjoys a special niche on the pro circuit, consider that many of the competitors brought along their children, which is almost guaranteed to be the equivalent of a two-stroke penalty. Lee Trevino, for example, had four kids with him. The oldest is 13. "They're running me ragged," he reported at one point.

continued

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GOLF continued

"Sea World, the zoo, and they never miss a concession stand. They're just about breaking me. I was going to take off next week and spend the time with my family. After a few days of this, I'm thinking about entering New Orleans instead." Trevino finally figured out how to keep his brood occupied. He had them pick up practice chip shots for him. Trevino chipped every afternoon, until it was almost dark.

At first glance, the La Costa course appears tame because it is only 6,911 yards long, a distance hinting that its par of 72 might be quite soft. But the constricted fairways meander through foliage thick enough to choke a tractor. La Costa has some of the longest and most wary roughs on the tour, which means that the straight shooters like Nicklaus, Trevino and Gary Player inevitably perform well. Player, the defending champion, is second to Nicklaus in T of C earnings with \$149,351, and he sounds like Johnny Appleseed, always suggesting that golf courses should plant more trees. Trevino subscribes to any philosophy that penalizes unbridled enthusiasm. "That's why I love it here," he was saying last week. "Heck, I wish they'd make the gallery ropes out of bounds. We're the only sport that plays in the audience."

The tournament enjoyed the best of weather: clear skies, warm temperatures and light breezes. Still, only half a dozen players broke par in Thursday's first round; the greens were hard, and iron shots weren't holding. One of those struggling was Fuzzy Zoeller, the four-day-old Masters champion. Zoeller shot a 77, well off the pace of Watson's leading 69, and was obviously distracted, a bit let down from his big victory but also worrying about his wife, Dianne, who was back in New Albany, Ind. awaiting the birth of the couple's first child. Zoeller kept in touch, telling everyone he would withdraw if the baby arrived early. But Dianne lasted out the week, and so did her husband, who wound up in a tie for 20th place.

Watson was also awaiting the birth of a first child, though Linda Watson is not due until September. The pressure seems to be good for him. In his last three tournaments before La Costa, he finished second, first and, at Augusta, second. "It's depressing for me to play with him," said Lon Hinkle after the opening round. "I just feel like I'm hacking it around."

The pros are impressed with Watson's

continued

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GOLF continued

dedication: sometimes he hits so many practice balls that he loses feeling in his forearms, an extraordinary effort for a man who has been the leading money winner as well as Player of the Year the last two seasons while winning the Vardon Trophy for low scoring average. Watson's diligence is matched by the unobtrusiveness of his dress. He owns only one pair of white golf shoes, the tour's badge of high style, and at the end of the day his plain, dark slacks are usually dusty from a siege at the practice tee. "He works like a rookie," says Lietzke.

Watson claims to see signs that his game still is improving, although he isn't ready to accept the designation as Nicklaus' heir. "The difference now is that I can play badly and have a chance to win, and years ago I couldn't," he says. "At times I hit the ball as well as anyone, but there are times that I'm well behind the pack."

A little of both was true last week. A 66 on Friday following Thursday's 69 gave him a three-stroke lead at 135, nine under par. Lietzke was second, Player and Trevino were tied for third at 140. Watson's score looked exemplary, but actually his driver had wheezing spells. He missed six fairways in Friday's round and only some great iron shots to the now watered and softened greens saved him, irons so good that he hit every green. "He's a tremendous competitor," said Player about Watson's escapes from the vegetation.

One of Watson's pursuers, Lietzke, is an anomaly on the tour, and not only because he puts cross-handed. Of last year's top 30 money winners, he is the only one who has never married. In golf, wives seem to be the equivalent of filing cabinets: "They keep you organized," the players say. Lietzke, however, is a loner, which may explain why he continues to live in Jay, Okla., a rural community of 3,000 people.

Should he ever decide to follow Carol Mann's example, however, Lietzke is prepared. A few years ago on television he mentioned that he was "25, single and available." Within a week, 300 letters from available women arrived, some with resumés and references. "I've stored them away in case I need them," Lietzke said Saturday after a 70 that included a double bogey on the sixth hole where he had "the worst lie of my life."

Watson, meanwhile, was walking off the course shaking his head after a round

that he called "ugly." He shot a 70 to maintain a three-stroke lead over Lietzke and Pate, who charged into contention with a reborn putting stroke and a 65. But Watson was all over the course and almost had to call out for directions as he banged off trees and into bunkers. At the 13th, for instance, he drove into the woods, went backward when his second shot caromed off a tree and finally sank a 20-foot putt to save par. At the 18th, he was in two bunkers and still made a par.

"You just got to try to hit the driver 70 miles an hour instead of 110," Trevino advised him at the practice tee. "You got to put a speed limit on that driver." Watson nodded, then went to work while a small gallery settled down to watch. Their murmured comments were audible: "Horrible," "Oh, no," and the favorite, "I can do that," as Watson's practice shots sailed off grotesquely.

Watson appeared not to hear, working his way stubbornly through two bags of balls. "I'm losing half of them over the fence," he muttered at one point. As a youngster, Watson never hit practice balls because he was afraid of losing them, a disaster, he recalls, "that was grounds for crying." But slowly he became comfortable on the practice tee and his last dozen drives were solid.

The next day he began the last round at La Costa ready to do battle with Lietzke and Pate. His driver, however, appeared to have reacquired its nervous twitch overnight. After a poor tee shot, he birdied the par-5 second hole with an eight-foot putt. That neatly summarized his erratic, wandering week. In each round he drove wildly at No. 2, and all four times he birdied the hole.

Thus, on his way to a 70, Watson visited five bunkers, took a double bogey when he went into the water at the sixth hole and for much of his round drove with a cautious three-wood. But after Lietzke pulled to within two shots of him at the turn, Watson became aggressive once again and ran off birdies on 11 through 13. Suddenly he had a cushion he could sleep on. The rest of the day Pate and Lietzke, who both shot 73s, fought to a draw for second place.

Watson now has won \$229,966 this year, almost two-thirds of his record 1978 winnings, and the tour is only a third over. At that rate, golf may not be a whole lot of fun, but it will pay the babysitter next winter.

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Total Soccer could be a Dutch treat

His tan is Californian and recent, but Rinus Michels' apple-rosy cheeks are pure North Sea. Dutch as a dike, like his upturned nose and the serious view he takes of the world. He yells at the sweat-drenched L.A. Aztecs of the North American Soccer League with the vocabulary of a sociologist and the guttural harshness of a drill sergeant: "You must look for the solution of situations! You were not concentrating and so the possibilities escaped you! Arrgh!" Maybe it's the first time anybody has pronounced that last word outside of a comic-strip balloon.

At Brookside Park in Pasadena, Calif., where years ago the Chicago White Sox went for spring training, it was pushing 80°, and the Aztecs had been working out for nearly two hours. All morning, without pause, Rinus Michels (pronounced REE-nus MIKE-eh) had been driving them. But from the team there was no sound or gesture of complaint.

"He gets it from us because he has our respect," says the Aztecs' captain, Bob Sibbald. Bobby Rugby, the fine American goalie who came to L.A. from the Cosmos, says, "We dragged our tails last season. He makes us feel strong. You're going to hear us loud."

It is not surprising that the 51-year-old Michels should have the respect of his players. He is probably the finest soccer coach in the world. You could argue about that, but you'd be scratching. And now, somewhat mysteriously, in his prime and laden with honors, he arrived in Pasadena in March to take charge of a team that had a 9-21 record last season and finished last in the Western Division. At the Rose Bowl, the most famous college football stadium in America, he is attempting another miracle with his special brand of voetbal.

Voetbal is merely the Dutch word for soccer. You pronounce it, near enough, "football" and, what's more, 10 years ago nobody outside Holland could have cared less what the Dutch called it or, indeed, that they played the game at all in that lit-

tle country. That was before Michels came along, took an obscure, tail-dragging club from Amsterdam called Ajax and won the European Cup, also before he coached the arrogantly confident orange-shirted National Team of Holland to the final of the 1974 World Cup, which it lost in Munich to West Germany by a single goal. Before, that is to say, Michels developed the concept of Total Soccer, the Dutch Whirl, the Clockwork Orange—call it what you like—and created a revolution in the sport so great that even without its star, Johan Cruyff, the aging rump of the Dutch team he created reached the World Cup Final again in 1978, principally on the momentum he had given it.

By then Michels was no longer with Holland. For a reported salary of \$250,000 a year he had gone to coach Barcelona in the Spanish League, another set of tail-draggers whom he took to the League Championship and the National Cup. Last spring, if you had suggested that in a year's time he would be in Pasadena with the Aztecs, you would have gotten only prolonged guffaws from soccer pundits. Pelé, Beckenbauer, Trevor Francis—their arrival in the U.S. was nothing like as great a shock. Players go where the money is. Coaches too, of course, but Michels could scarcely have improved his Barcelona pay, and coaches, even more than players, need to be center stage. And Pasadena, in soccer terms, is far from center stage.

Before last summer Michels had nev-

Rinus Michels brought his own concept of "voetbal" to L.A. If the Aztecs can master it, credit him with a miracle



er been in the U.S. Then, after the World Cup in Argentina in June, he and his wife Wilhelmina (they are childless) decided to vacation at Newport Beach on the way home. Wilhelmina loved California, Rinus hated the soccer. He saw a couple of Aztec games, saw Dallas, Fort Lauderdale and the Cosmos, talked to Dallas' Lamar Hunt in the West and Phil Woosnam, the NASL commissioner, in New York.

But, said Michels, "I decided it was not time to come to America. It was an amateur, not a professional, game. I mean it was professional in its marketing but the standard of play was primitive, not sophisticated. Maybe it was a bad time to come, straight after the World Cup, but I found the fundamentals, the pace of the game missing in what I saw. I forgot it."

continued

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One who didn't forget, however, was Larry Friend, president of the Aztecs. Last October he called Michels in Amsterdam and visited him at home. "He talked very well," Michels recalls. "He talked for three days." The Dutchman still had serious doubts, but in the end, and with Wilhelmina's prompting, he agreed to try it for a season. "California is a magic word in Holland," he sighs.

Michels was certainly an unsentimental man by then. Last April there had been trouble in Barcelona. Spanish soccer clubs periodically hold elections for president and board of directors. Campaigns are waged in public, in the press, sometimes hysterically. The president elected in Barcelona last spring had come in on a sort of reform ticket. He was for firing the team, coach, everybody, and had been quoted as saying some hard things about Michels. Once in office, he changed his mind and wanted Michels to stay. But the coach had had enough. He decided to take several months off before deciding where to go—probably to the Bundesliga, the powerful West German league. But he ran into difficulties with his work permit there. Larry Friend's call came at precisely the right moment.

Michels is still bewildered by much that he has found in U.S. soccer. "The job is the same all over the world," he says, "but those dancing girls? Do they really need those? And the fans, eating and drinking all the way through the games? Maybe because they are used to sports that stop and start, not continuous like soccer. I'm sorry. For me the game is too serious for all this."

One thing is certain. When the news came of Michels' hiring by the Aztecs, the assumption was that he would be bringing some of the stars who had gone from Ajax to Barcelona with him, world-class players like Cruyff and Johan Neeskens. "Maybe there were some romantic notions of this kind," Michels says now. "but on this club, stars are impossible on the budget they have. Stars only come for money, not for me."

There was a good possibility for a while, though, that he would sign at least one of his great Dutch squad, Willem Van Haneghem, who simply showed up one day at Aztec headquarters. "I offered him a contract, but Chicago was willing to double it," says Michels. "so he took the money. I could have used him. But

it would have meant saying goodbye to some players who had worked so hard with me this preseason, raising the money for him. I don't like to do that."

So Michels was forced to buy more modestly, though several of his picks may prove shrewd enough: young Dutch players like Thomas Rongen from Amsterdam and Hubert Smeets from Maastricht, and Walter Wagner, a West German forward.

Always, with Michels, the talk comes back eventually to Total Soccer, a phrase he insists the press invented but which nevertheless he works hard to define. It is as simple as a pair of wooden clogs just to say that in Total Soccer each player is both a defender and an attacker, and that it involves quick transition from attack to defense and vice versa.

"Quick transition was the secret of the Dutch team. To go, to be aggressive," Michels says. "In Total Soccer, every player is attacking and defending. Easy? No. Very difficult. It is not difficult to coach a defender to attack. He loves it. It is also easy to say that when he does, an attacker falls back to take his place. But Total Soccer is the end, not the beginning. It is the finished product. At the heart of it you need superlative players, three or four of them who can visualize the whole pattern, even in the heat of the game, not just play a single role. The natural leaders. That was the great quality of Cruyff. You have to be lucky to find the players I did in '74. Rudi Krol, Van Hanebeem, Cruyff."

So, as he did with Ajax and Barcelona, Michels is starting from scratch again. He would dearly love an open checkbook. Whom would he pick? Strikers and an organization man like Cruyff in modified. "Liam Brady," he adds, mentioning the star of Arsenal and Ireland with a touch of longing. "Trevor Francis. I could do the job with Kevin Keegan or Klaus Fischer." He gives a short, rare laugh.

He has none of them at Brookside Park this hot Pasadena morning as he prepares for a game against the California Surf of Anaheim. What he has, though, is enormous enthusiasm. That is obvious. In their orange shirts and white shorts, so similar to those of the Dutch team, the Aztecs give one an uncanny feeling of *déjà vu*. And, like the Dutch, they are willing to work their hearts out for him.

continued

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"Always go to the ball," Michels shouts. "Always to the man with the ball." He stops play dead. There is total silence. The players freeze. "Always you are waiting for the ball," he says. "Why? You are too relaxed. Go to the ball!" It is the harsh, physical philosophy behind Total Soccer. Almost mechanically, belatedly, he says, as if someone has taught him to say it, "Keep smiling." He doesn't smile himself.

And his smile might have been a little forced as he stood out in the middle of Anaheim Stadium two Saturday nights ago, the California Girl Cheerleaders and the Santa Ana Winds Marching Band in attendance. Too much razz for him, maybe, and not enough people in the stands. Rumors and counter-rumors about the NASL players' strike had cut the crowd to 11,261. The Aztecs were at full strength, but the Surf was missing its goalie and four other first-team players. It looked like a perfect evening for the

Aztecs to practice what Michels had preached. "That's the Dutch team in the orange, right?" a sardonic Surf fan yelled.

They might take a little time to achieve Total Soccer, but the Aztecs seemed to have taken the first steps toward it: a firm commitment to going for the ball, forcing the pace, none more so than Rongen, all wild blond hair, now in the right fullback position, now threatening down the right wing, cutting into the penalty area.

But the final pass in front of the goal was inaccurate, until 18 minutes into the game, when Wagner put the Aztecs ahead with a sweetly taken shot hooked in with his left foot. It was the only score in the half. The game settled down into a hard, often physical struggle. Two yellow cards in the first half, 28 fouls.

The second half was rougher, even more desultory in terms of good soccer. Rigby had to make a flying acrobatic twist to make a save on one hard Surf shot,

but, as it turned out, that was the only significant moment in the half, and the game ended 1-0 Los Angeles. Last Saturday, the Aztecs lost to the Seattle Sounders to make their record 2-1.

After the Anaheim game, Michels, uncharacteristically, was inclined to make excuses. "You lead 1-0 and you begin to get a little cautious. The others started to take more risks in the second half. But we are better than they are. We played well for a road game . . . Monday I talk to them again."

He might well have a short chat with young Smeets, who committed 11 fouls out of the Aztecs' 28. Or maybe not. In Michels' day, the Dutch team was about as tough as you can get in soccer. "In Smeets' position he is taking a lot, so he must give, too," said this most pragmatic of coaches. "They would destroy him otherwise."

"We are progressing," were his last words. **END**

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A LIST OF LISTS THAT WILL DELIGHT TEASE, EVEN INFURIATE



Here, reflecting the current passion for lists, is a collection of bests, worsts, mosts and oddests from the world of sport. Be warned that these lists are absolutely authoritative...unless you happen to disagree with them.

By
PHIL PEPE
and
ZANDER HOLLANDER

Illustrations by John Alcorn

15 FAMOUS SPORTS QUOTATIONS

- 1 "Hit 'em where they ain't"
—WEE WILLIE KEELER
- 2 "Is Brooklyn still in the league?" —BILL TERRY
- 3 "The Giants is dead"
—CHARLIE DRESSEN

- 4 "The bigger they come, the harder they fall" —BOB FITZSIMMONS
- 5 "Win one for the Gipper." —GEORGE GIFF
- 6 "I never called one wrong"
—BILL KLEM
- 7 "We wuz robbed"
—JOE JACOBS
- 8 "Good field, no hit."
—MIKE GONZALEZ
- 9 "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing."
—VINCE LOMBARDI

- 10 "I'd rather be lucky than good"
—LEFTY GOMEZ
- 11 "He can run, but he can't hide"
—JOE LOUIS
- 12 "Nice guys finish last"
—LEO DUROCHER
- 13 "Want 'til next year"
—BROOKLYN DODGER FANS
- 14 "Luck is the residue of design."
—BRANCH RICKEY
- 15 "The game isn't over until the last man is out."
—ANONYMOUS

Seven Golf Superstitions

- Gary Player:** "I wear black. I loved Westerns, and the cowboys always looked good in black."
- Chi Chi Rodriguez:** "I don't like No. 3 balls. When I mark my ball on the green I keep the coin heads up. I used to wear green on Sundays because it is the color of money. Now I wear red because it is the color I like to see on the board."
- George Archer:** "I don't like No. 4 balls. And I don't like fives, sixes or sevens on my cards."
- Hubert Green:** "I don't wear yellow. I think it's a passive color."
- Al Geiberger:** "I mark my ball with a penny. If I am having a hot streak, I'll make sure to mark my ball with the same side up each time. If I'm going badly, I'll reverse it. Or I'll make sure that Lincoln's eyes are pointed toward the hole before I line up my next shot."
- Sandra Palmer:** "I like to get up three hours before I play no matter what time of day it is. And I usually avoid No. 3 balls."
- Tom Watson:** "If I shoot a good round one day, I'll eat the same thing for dinner that I had the night before. I always carry three coins in my pocket and also three tees—just three—in my right pocket. I always use a broken tee on par-3 holes."



10 MOST INFLUENTIAL ARCHERS

- Robin Hood**
(Best-known hood in history)
- William Tell**
(Noted for apples and overtures)
- Howard Hill**
(Famous bow hunter and trick shooter who brought archery to Hollywood)
- Fred Bear**
(Famous bow hunter, started first major archery manufacturing company)
- James D. Easton**
(Inventor of aluminum arrow shaft)
- Saxton Pope**
(Forefather of modern bow hunting. His name given to Pope and Young Club)
- Art Young**
(Another forefather. His name also given to Pope and Young Club)
- H.W. Allen**
(Inventor of compound bow)
- Cupid**
(Popularized bow and arrow)
- One Way**
(The road sign that did little for the bow but immortalized the arrow)
(Selected by Jack Lewis)

15 Names of Pro Football Players (honest!)

- June Jones
- Kay Bell
- Pearl Clarke
- Leslie Grace
- Robin Earl
- Emerald Lamme
- Blanche Martin
- Laurie Niemi
- Gail O'Brien
- Clare Randolph
- Vivian Vanderloo
- Bree Cuppolette
- Lynn Hoyem
- Allison Hubert
- Fair Hooker

14 Real Names of Famous Fighters

- Walker Smith**
(Rory Robinson)
- Arnold Cream**
(Joe Walcott)
- Joseph Barrow**
(Joe Louis)
- Sidney Walker**
(Beau Jack)
- Gerardo Gonzalez**
(Kid Gavilan)
- Eligio Sardinias**
(Kid Chocolate)
- Ovilla Chappelaine**
(Jack Delaney)
- Joseph Cukoschary**
(Jack Sharkey)
- Stanislaus Kiecal**
(Stanley Ketchel)
- Rocco Barbella**
(Rocky Graziano)

- Rocco Marchegiano**
(Rocky Marciano)
- Guglielmo Papaleo**
(Willie Pep)
- Giuseppe Berardinelli**
(Joey Maxim)
- Pasquale Agati**
(Packey O'Gatty)
(From The Ring)

Ten Famous Sports Boners

- Fred Merkle fails to touch second.
- Roy Riegels runs the wrong way.
- Mickey Owen drops the third strike.
- Jack Dempsey fails to go to a neutral corner.
- Clem McCarthy miscalls the Freakness.
- Tommy Lewis tackles Dicky Moegle from the bench.
- Fred Snodgrass makes his \$30,000 mull.
- Johnny Peeks delays his throw on Enos Slaughter.
- Cornell gets a fifth down and scores.
- Willie Shoemaker misjudges the finish line.



continued

10 Sportsminded Presidents

- Abraham Lincoln**
Horseman, swimmer, crowbar heaver, master jumper. Could out-run, outlift, outwrestle any man in his Illinois county when he was a youth.
- Theodore Roosevelt**
Baseball, lacrosse, polo, riding, tennis, football, boxing, rowing, hunting, long walks. Perhaps the best athlete to be President.
- Woodrow Wilson**
Devoted but not very good golfer, played baseball and pool, coached his college football team.



- Franklin D. Roosevelt**
Even after becoming an invalid swimmer, rode, sailed. As a young man, he also skied, tobogganed, golfed, and stroked an intramural shell at Harvard.
- Harry S. Truman**
Tireless walker. At times delighted in inspiring ball games.
- Dwight D. Eisenhower**
An inveterate golfer, he also liked to fish. Was a star football and baseball player in his youth.
- John F. Kennedy**
Swimming, sailing. Also enjoyed golf, tennis and his family's touch football games before he hurt his back.
- Lyndon B. Johnson**
A good swimmer, horseman, hunter, fisherman.
- Gerald R. Ford**
Top college football player who captained his team at Michigan. While attending law school at Yale, was an assistant football coach. While President, became known for his sometimes erratic golf game.
- Jimmy Carter**
High school basketball, cross country at Naval Academy. Plays softball, tennis, jogs regularly, enjoys watching stock-car racing.

(Compiled by NSA Commissioner Lawrence F. O'Brien, former adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson)



13 Athletes Who Became Actors

- Burt Reynolds**
(football, Florida State)
- Robert Shaw**
(rugby, England)
- Jim Brown**
(football, Cleveland Browns)
- Robert Ryan**
(boxing, Dartmouth)
- Bruce Dern**
(track, Pennsylvania)
- Mike Connor**
(basketball, UCLA)
- Vince Edwards**
(swimming, Ohio State)
- Kirk Douglas**
(wrestling, St. Lawrence)
- Chuck Connors**
(baseball, Dodgers and Cubs)
- James Garner**
(football, Oklahoma)
- John Wayne**
(football, USC)
- Paul Robeson**
(football, Rutgers)
- Alex Karras**
(football, Detroit Lions)

THE 10 HANDSOMEST RACE HORSES

(According to Joe Hirsch of the *Daily Racing Form*)

- SECRETARIAT
- GEN DUKE
- MONGO
- MAJESTIC PRINCE
- RUFFIAN
- DIABLO
- HONEST PLEASURE
- LUCKY DEBONAIR
- ALYDAR
- NASHUA

NINE BASEBALL FLASHES IN THE PAN

- Hurricane Hazle.**
Called up from the minors to the Milwaukee Braves in July, 1957, he batted .403 in 41 games to help Milwaukee win its first pennant. In 1958 he slumped to .179, was sold to Detroit, batted .241 there, and was returned to the minors for good.
- Dale Alexander.** Won the American League batting championship in 1932 with a .367 average. In 1933 he dropped to .281. In 1934 he was gone from the majors.

3. **Al Weis.** A .215 hitter during the 1969 season, he batted .455 for the New York Mets in the World Series. The next season he hit .207 and in 1971 he was let go.

4. **Jim Finigan.** Batted .302 as a rookie third baseman for the Philadelphia Athletics in 1954, slipped to .255 in 1955, .216 in 1956, .200 in 1958 and by 1960 was gone.

5. **Bobo Holloman.** Pitched a no-hitter for the St. Louis Browns in 1953 in his first major league start. He never completed another game in his one-season big league career.

6. **Billy Rohr.** In his first major league start in 1967, he pitched 8½ innings of no-hit ball for the Red Sox against the New York Yankees. Won only one other game for Boston, won one for Cleveland the next year, and was all through.

7. **Karl Spooner.** At the end of the 1954 season he joined the Brooklyn Dodgers, pitched back-to-back shutouts in his first two starts and struck out 27 men. A sore arm ruined his career and he was out of the majors by 1956.

8. and 9. **Jim Turner and Lou Fette.** In 1937 Turner, 34, and Fette, 30, both newcomers to the big leagues, won 20 games each for the Boston Braves. Turner won only 49 more in the next eight years. Fette won 11 in 1938, 10 in 1939 and was out of the majors by 1940.

(Selected by Ray Fitzgerald)

15 Perfect Baseball Batteries

(Comprised of major league pitchers and catchers who, unfortunately, never played together)

1. East and West
2. Hand and Foote
3. Black and White
4. Hale and Hardy
5. High and Lowe
6. Short and Long
7. Burns and Allen
8. Nixon and Agnew
9. Lewis and Clark
10. Gilbert and Sullivan
11. Mason and Dixon
12. Masters and Johnson
13. Stanley and Livingston
14. Queen and King
15. More and Moore

Danny Ozark's 3 Best Ozark-isms

1. "This team's morality is no factor."—When asked if there were a morale problem on his Phillies
2. "I will not be cohorsed"—When asked if his job was in jeopardy after the Phils' general manager began making trips with the team.
3. "His limitations are limitless"—His evaluation of misfeider Mike Andrews
4. "It's beyond my apprehension"—His reaction after the Phils lost three straight to the lowly Atlanta Braves
5. "Even Napoleon had his Waterloo"—After a 10-game losing streak had reduced the Phils' 15½-game lead to 3½

6. "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men except The Shadow?"—Reacting to compliments from reporters after he had outfished a rival manager during a game

7. "Don't you know I'm a fascist? You know, a guy who says one thing and means another?"—To a reporter who asked Danny why he never gave a straight answer

8. "I've always had a wonderful repertoire with my players."—When asked if he was having trouble with his players

(Selected by Bill Conlin)

TED TURNER'S 10 GREATEST SKIPPERS

1. Christopher Columbus
2. Ferdinand Magellan
3. Francis Drake
4. Captain James Cook
5. Vasco da Gama
6. Prince Henry the Navigator
7. Horatio Nelson
8. Bud Melges
9. Paul Elvstrom
10. Modesty Forbids



13 Significant Women Athletes

1. **Babe Didrikson**
track and field/golf
2. **Gertrude Ederle**
distance swimming
3. **Althea Gibson**
tennis/golf
4. **Billie Jean King**
tennis
5. **Kathy Kusner**
equestrian
6. **Andrea Mead Lawrence**
skiing
7. **Ann Curtis**
swimming
8. **Pat McCormick**
diving
9. **Diana Nyad**
distance swimming
10. **Wilma Rudolph**
track and field
11. **Eleanora Sears**
tennis/squash/other sports
12. **Kathy Switzer**
marathon running
13. **Sheila Young**
speed skating

(Selected by Phyllis Hollander)

RONALD REAGAN'S 6 GREATEST 'SPORTS' MOVIES

1. **KNUTE ROCKNE—ALL AMERICAN**
2. **THE WINNING TEAM**
3. **PRIDE OF THE YANKEES**
4. **THE STRATTON STORY**
5. **BRIAN'S SONG**
6. **LITTLE MO**

(Mr. Reagan notes, "It is only common sense that I appeared in both *Knute Rockne—All American* and *The Winning Team*.")

continued

The 10 Worst Sports Movies

(Selected by Rex Reed)

1. TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME
2. JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN
3. ONE ON ONE
4. SLAP SHOT
5. THE BABE RUTH STORY
6. THE ENDLESS SUMMER
7. GOLDEN BOY
8. KNUTE ROCKNE—ALL AMERICAN
9. ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD
10. THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME

The 10 Best Sports Movies

(Selected by Rex Reed)

1. THE STRATTON STORY
2. VISIONS OF EIGHT
3. PRIDE OF THE YANKEES
4. PAT AND MIKE
5. FAT CITY
6. BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY
7. REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT
8. CHAMPION
9. DOWNHILL RACER
10. THE HUSTLER

12 Athletic Doctors

1. **Dr. Tenley Albright**
(figure skater/surgeon)
2. **Dr. Bobby Brown**
(third baseman/cardiologist)

3. **Dr. Gary Cusack**
(quarterback/dentist)
4. **Dr. Danny Fortmann**
(fineman/surgeon)
5. **Dr. Sammy Lee**
(diver/otolaryngologist)
6. **Dr. George Medich**
(pitcher/surgeon)
7. **Dr. Rick Herrscher**
(first baseman/dentist)
8. **Dr. Delano Meriwether**
(sprinter/hematologist)
9. **Dr. Renee Richards**
(swimmer/ophthalmologist)
10. **Dr. George Sheehan**
(marathon runner/cardiologist)
11. **Dr. Ron Taylor**
(pitcher/internist)
12. **Dr. Ernie Vandeweghe**
(basketball/pediatrician)



10 High School Quarterbacks It Must Have Been Fun To Have on Your Team

1. **Bart Starr**
Lanier High, Montgomery, Ala. 1951
2. **Fran Tarkenton**
Athens High, Athens, Ga. 1955

3. **Joe Namath**
Beaver Falls High, Beaver Falls, Pa. 1960
4. **Sonny Jurgesen**
Wilmington High, Wilmington, N.C. 1952
5. **Kenny Stabler**
Foley High, Foley, Ala. 1963
6. **Bob Griese**
Rex Mundi High, Evansville, Ind. 1962
7. **Earl Morrall**
Muskegon High, Muskegon, Mich. 1951
8. **Len Dawson**
Alliance High, Alliance, Ohio 1952
9. **Daryle Lamonica**
Clovis High, Clovis, Cal. 1958
10. **Roman Gabriel**
Wilmington High, Wilmington, N.C. 1957

(Compiled by Herman L. Mason)

The 10 Most Exciting Race Drivers

1. MARIO ANDRETTI
2. RALPH DePALMA
3. PETER DePAOLO
4. LEON DURAY
5. A.J. FOYT JR.
6. PARNELLI JONES
7. REX MAYS
8. TOMMY MILTON
9. BARNEY OLDFIELD
10. WILBUR SHAW

(Selected by Al Bloembergen)

7 GREAT SPORTS UPSETS

1. John Thomas loses 1960 Olympic high jump to two Russians

2. Jimmy Braddock outpoints Max Baer to win the world heavyweight championship

3. The New York Jets beat the Baltimore Colts 16-7 in the Super Bowl

4. Upset gives Man o'War his only defeat

5. The New York Mets go from ninth place to the pennant and the world championship.

6. Cassius Clay (not yet Muhammad Ali) knocks out Sonny Liston to win the heavyweight title.

7. Jack Fleck beats Ben Hogan in a playoff to win the U.S. Open

YOGI BERRA'S 10 BEST YOGI-ISMS

1. "I want to thank all those who made this night necessary"—When he was honored at Yogi Berra Night in St. Louis
2. "If you can't imitate him, don't copy him."—To a young player trying to emulate the batting style of a veteran
3. "Nobody goes there any more, it's too crowded."—About a popular Minneapolis restaurant.
4. "It's not over until it's over"—Talking about a pennant race
5. "It gets late early out there."—Explaining why leftfield in Yankee Stadium is difficult to play when shadows fall during day games in October
6. "If people don't want to come to the ball park, how are you gonna stop them?"—Explaining declining attendance in Kansas City

continued

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7. "We made too many wrong mistakes."—Explaining the Yankees' loss of the 1960 World Series to Pittsburgh.

8. "You observe a lot watching"—Explaining in 1964 why he expected to be a successful rookie manager with the Yankees despite his lack of managerial experience.

9. "I usually take a two-hour nap, from one o'clock to four."—When asked what he does the afternoon of a night game.

10. "Anybody who can't tell the difference between a ball hitting wood and a ball hitting concrete must be blind."—In an argument with an umpire, who ruled that a ball hit a concrete outfield wall and was thus in play, while Berra said it hit a wooden barricade beyond the wall and was thus a home run.

These lists are excerpted from *The Book of Sports Lists* by Phil Pepe and Zander Hollander, an Associated Features book to be published next month by Panicle Books, Inc.

10 WORST KENTUCKY DERBY STARTERS

1. Senecas Coin (pulled up, 1949)
(Worst horse ever to run in the Derby. Pulled up nearly a quarter of a mile behind the victorious Ponder. Started 53 times in his career, lost 52 times.)

2. Frank Bird (last, 1908)
(Never close in six lifetime starts. Those six races drew 59 starters, all but six of whom finished ahead of Frank Bird.)

3. Orlanwick (last, 1907)
(Won twice in 30 starts but showed his class by being one of those who finished behind Frank Bird.)

4. Privus (last, 1923)
(Twenty career starts, never won.)

5. Dick O'Hara (last, 1930)
(Fifteen starts, one victory, but seven last-place finishes, too.)

6. Saigon Warrior (last, 1971)
(Finished 72½ lengths back.)

7. Fourilla (next to last, 1971)
(Finished 14 lengths ahead of Saigon Warrior, but 58½ behind the winner, Canonero II.)

8. Layson (third, 1905)
(How could a third-place finisher be bad? There were only three starters. In his career, Layson started 91 races, won three.)

9. Broadway Limited (ninth, 1930)
(Sold for \$65,000 as a yearling, never won a race, never finished in the money, never earned a penny.)

10. Roe Jet (last, 1969)
(His trainer said the horse had received more publicity than Frank Sinatra, but there was doubt he could outrun Sinatra.)

(Selected by Jim Bisher)

10 GREATEST TRACK AND FIELD STARS

1. Paavo Nurmi (distance runner)
2. Roger Bannister (miler)
3. Bob Beamon (long jumper)
4. Cornelius Warmerdam (pole vaulter)

5. Jesse Owens (sprinter)

6. Stella Walsh (sprinter)

7. Al Oerter (discus thrower)

8. Emil Zatopek (distance runner)

9. Abebe Bikila (marathoner)

10. Glenn Cunningham (miler)

(Selected by Stan Siegel)

10 GREATEST STEALERS

(Compiled by Ron LeFlore who, after serving a prison term for armed robbery, set an American League record by stealing 27 bases in 27 tries.)

1. Lou Brock

2. Maury Wills

3. Joe Morgan

4. Ron LeFlore

5. Luis Aparicio

6. Ty Cobb

7. Freddie Frut

("That's his nickname. I never had the nerve to ask him his

real name. He was a great stealer. He never got caught.")

8. Willie Mays

9. Butch Berry

("My boyhood idol. He could steal anything.")

10. Rusty Staub

("If he could run, he'd be great because he really knows how to steal a base.")

PHIL ESPOSITO'S 10 HOCKEY SUPERSTITIONS

1. Italian Horns/Evil Eye.
("I've been under this curse for the last year and a half, but my great aunt, who is 94 and lives in Sault Ste. Marie, is working on removal of the evil eye.")

2. Always wear a turtleneck under your hockey sweater.

3. Always sit in an aisle seat on an airplane, never by the window.

4. Never sign autographs before a game.

5. No crossed sticks in the dressing room.

6. Always dress right to left.

7. Never use old supplies.
("Fresh pack of gum, fresh tape, one roll black friction, two rolls 1½-inch medical, one roll two-inch medical.")

8. Post as many good luck charms as possible—all faiths and beliefs.

9. If we win, wear the same suit to the next game.

10. Keep in touch with the great aunt at least once a month.
("Make sure she's still working on removing the *malocchio* from me.")



BILL TILDEN'S 6 SEXIST TIPS FOR MIXED DOUBLES

1. Hit at the girl whenever possible.
2. A sudden shift down the man's sideline, particularly if made by the girl, will often pay.
3. One player up and one back, fatal in men's doubles, is a safe and, at times, sound formation in mixed. Take your pick of who's up and who's back.
4. The lob over the girl's head is one of the best shots in mixed doubles, provided you play it far enough to her side so that she has to cover it or make the man run a long way to save her.
5. The middle shot is not so good, since the man is usually covering center court.
6. Speed to the girl, finesse to the man will pay. Remember that a girl's fastest shot is the man's average pace, so if you use real speed against her, it will provide tremendous pressure under which she is apt to break. The man is tuned to speed, so fool him by finesse.

(I say: How to Play Better Tennis. By Bill Tilden. Simon & Schuster, 1977.)

10 TOP COLLEGE BASKETBALL TEAMS UP TO 1951

- 1 Kentucky 1947-48
- 2 Oklahoma A&M 1945-46
- 3 Kentucky 1950-51
- 4 St. Louis 1947-48
- 5 CCNY 1949-50
- 6 Wyoming 1942-43
- 7 Holy Cross 1946-47
- 8 DePaul 1944-45

- 9 LIU 1938-39
- 10 (Tie) St. John's 1942-43
Illinois 1942-43

(Selected by Howard Garland)

10 TOP COLLEGE BASKETBALL TEAMS SINCE 1951

- 1 UCLA 1967-68
- 2 San Francisco 1954-55
- 3 Indiana 1975-76
- 4 UCLA 1971-72
- 5 North Carolina State 1973-74
- 6 Ohio State 1959-60
- 7 North Carolina 1956-57
- 8 UCLA 1963-64
- 9 Duquesne 1954-55
- 10 (Tie) Texas Western 1965-66
Kentucky 1977-78

(Selected by Howard Garland)

11 PEOPLE WHO WERE RHODES SCHOLARS

- 1 J. W. Fulbright, 1925
(football, Arkansas)
- 2 Howard K. Smith, 1937
(track, Tulane)
- 3 Byron (Whizzer) White, 1938
(football, Colorado)
- 4 Frank (Sandy) Tatum, 1947
(golf, Stanford)
- 5 Hamilton Richardson, 1955
(tennis, Tulane)
- 6 Pete Dawkins, 1959
(football, West Point)
- 7 Bill Bradley, 1965
(basketball, Princeton)
- 8 Mishka Petkevich, 1973
(figure skating, Harvard)

- 9 Tom McMillen, 1974
(basketball, Maryland)
- 10 Pat Haden, 1975
(football, USC)
- 11 Caroline Alexander, 1977
(pentathlon, Florida State)

(Rhodes scholarships were offered to women in 1936.)

KYLE ROTE JR.'S ALLTIME TV SUPERSTARS

Tennis: Peter Snell (track)
Golf: Dick Anderson (football)
Swimming: Brian Budd (soccer)
Weight lifting: Brian Oldfield (shot put)
Bowling: Paul Blair (baseball)
100-yard dash: O. J. Simpson (football)
Half-mile run: Bob Seagren (pole vault)
Bicycle race: Wayne Gronditch (water skiing)
Obstacle course: Lynn Swann (football)
Baseball: Dan Pastorek (football)

11 PEOPLE IN SPORT BETTER KNOWN BY THE NICKNAME 'RED' THAN BY THEIR REAL FIRST NAMES

- 1 Red Rolfe (Robert)
- 2 Red Grange (Harold)
- 3 Red Auerbach (Arnold)
- 4 Red Holzman (William)
- 5 Red Ruffing (Charles)
- 6 Red Barber (Walter)
- 7 Red Smith (Walter)
- 8 Red Sanders (Henry)
- 9 Red Schoendienst (Albert)
- 10 Red Fisher (Urban)
- 11 Red Blaik (Earl)

9 PEOPLE IN SPORT BETTER KNOWN BY THE NICKNAME 'WHITEY' THAN BY THEIR REAL FIRST NAMES

- 1 Whitey Ford (Edward)
- 2 Whitey Kurowski (George)
- 3 Whitey Bernstein (Morris)
- 4 Whitey Wirt (Lawton)
- 5 Whitey Skoog (Meyer)
- 6 Whitey Wietelmann (William)
- 7 Whitey Lockman (Carroll)
- 8 Whitey Herzog (Dorrel)
- 9 Whitey Widing (Juhul)

ALL-STAR BASEBALL TEAM FOR LEONID BREZHNEV

- P Lefty Gomez
C Red Doon
1B Lefty O'Doul
2B Red Schoendienst
SS Pinky May
3B Red Rolfe
OF Eric (The Red) Tipton
OF Red Murray
OF Lou (The Mad Russian) Novikoff

ALL-STAR BASEBALL TEAM FOR GLORIA STEINEM

- P Lil Stoner
C Bubbles Hargrave
1B Mary Calhoun
2B Sadie Houck
SS Lena Blackburne
3B She Donahue
OF Gail Healy
OF Baby Doll Jacobson
OF Eval Crabtree

continued



One of these men just bought a car that's specially ordered, newly painted, but belongs to someone else.

He got a "really great deal" from "somebody who knew somebody in the business." What the man on the left didn't know was that "the business" was car theft—a \$1.7 billion business—one of the most lucrative and costly crimes in the country today. Lucrative for thieves, costly for the rest of us.

Organized car theft rings have found that stealing automobiles is profitable in several ways. Some people arrange to have their cars stolen to collect on the insurance. Then the car is broken up into valuable parts for re-sale. Other people seek to buy used cars at a lower price than offered on the legitimate market, even though they may know something isn't right with the deal.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we want to stop this crime. And so should you, because your auto insurance premiums have to go up to pay for these theft claims.

In several states, concerned citizens are working with law enforcement and insurance personnel to check the spread of auto theft. We applaud and support these efforts and urge you to do the same. Working together, we believe we can make a difference and keep automobile insurance affordable.

Here's what we're doing:

- Supporting the National Automobile Theft Bureau, a non-profit organization created by insurance companies to help law enforcement agencies combat auto theft
- Investigating theft claims more thoroughly
- Encouraging manufacturers to install improved locking devices
- Utilizing a system that checks for incorrect or forged vehicle identification numbers
- Encouraging improvement of state automobile certificate of title laws
- Informing people what they can do to prevent auto theft

Here's what you can do:

- Check the title before you buy a used car
- Support anti-car theft campaigns sponsored by the National Automobile Theft Bureau and by other organizations
- Take your key and lock your doors. Don't invite trouble
- Install an anti-theft alarm. You may receive a premium discount
- Avoid the temptation to make that "really great deal"—you may lose the vehicle and your money

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HOW THE BELL SYSTEM OVERSEES 40 MILLION LONG DISTANCE CALLS A DAY. ON AN EASY DAY.



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You are looking at the Bell System's Network Operations Center. Here, our technology and people work 24 hours a day to help your long distance calls go through quickly, effortlessly.

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But sometimes traffic gets particularly heavy. We can get a bottleneck.

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Thanks to all the people of the Bell System.

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●	GREENSBORO	1
●	JACKSON	1
●	JACKSONVILLE	3
●	MEMPHIS	1
●	NEW ORLEANS	1
●	OKLAHOMA	1
●	ORLANDO	1
●	SUB SECTION	
●	PITTSBURGH	2
●	CHARLESTON	1
●	CINCINNATI	1
●	CLEVELAND	2
●	DETROIT	1
●	PITTSBURGH	1
●	SUB SECTION	
●	WASH DC	1
●	BALTIMORE	2
●	PATENT	2

Part of the network status board, where NOC personnel watch for possible jam-ups.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE UMPES

Sir:

If the major league umpire holdout lasts any longer, I think Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn should give the umps a raise and take the money from the salaries of league presidents Club Feeney and Lee MacPhail (They're Out? April 16). Their plantation-owner mentality is reminiscent of the attitude of the owners toward the players before the players demanded and got salaries commensurate with the owners' profits.

The fact that the substitute umps are making off game after game puts the lie to any suggestion that the regular umps aren't needed. I, for one, hope the umps hold out until the league presidents are embarrassed into doing what they should do out of common decency.

JIM WEIGERT
New York City

Sir:

I am sympathetic to the request of the major league umps for higher pay. Baseball umps work many more games and are away from their families for a much longer period than pro basketball officials, who are earning substantially more.

Like basketball officials, baseball umps are professionals. Their job is thankless and not easy. Therefore, I think their requests are legitimate. It's time umps were heard.

JAMES MAIR JR.
Leban Falls, Maine

Sir:

The umpire holdout brings to mind the reply Tim Hort, an early (1890s) umpire, made when asked about his job: "You can't beat them hours." And you still can't. Throw in \$30,000 (average pay) for seven months' work, and here's one fan who sheds no tears for the umps.

JOHN MCCORMACK
Dallas

LOPEZ & CO.

Sir:

Your article *A Pretty Post Pattern* (April 16) was a little disturbing, because, as usual, Nancy Lopez was the main subject. Certainly Lopez is a great golfer, but so are Sandra Post, JoAnne Carner, Pat Bradley, Donna White, Judy Rankin and others. It is unfortunate that, among other players, prejudice against Lopez does exist, but it is not nearly as pervasive as the press, the television networks and even Ray Volpe, the commissioner of women's golf, imply. Volpe's suggestion that the other professionals "quit complaining and acting like a bunch of women" was a very low blow to their integrity. The other

professionals are only fighting for their fair share of recognition.

FRANK SENTER
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

Berry McDermott's article about Sandra Post's Colgate-Dinah Shore victory proves that Nancy Lopez does indeed command the lion's share of attention on the LPGA tour. However, it also proves that it isn't necessarily Lopez' fault. How can she be held accountable for what the press prints or what the fans think?

I've been a golfer for years but never gave a darn about the LPGA Tour (or the PGA Tour, for that matter) until Lopez came along and pepped things up a little. Now, as a by-product of following Lopez, I have come to know Post, Carner, Rankin, Whitworth, Mann et al. The women of the tour should light candles for Lopez every night.

SUE NOONAN
Vancouver, Wash.

Sir:

Do the LPGA players want publicity or not? First they were jealous of Laura Bough and Jan Stephenson, and now they are jealous of Nancy Lopez. Much of the money and prestige that Sandra Post pocketed after winning the Colgate-Dinah Shore is the direct result of the popularity of the player who finished second—Lopez.

GEORGE HAINES
LIZ HAINES
Gladwyne, Pa.

THE CRUSHERS

Sir:

Wiltner Ames' sensitive approach to the story of Washington, D.C.'s inner-city, all-black weight-lifting team (*An Uplifting Experience*, April 16) was greatly appreciated. After five years of functioning in obscurity, the Crushers Unlimited have finally been spotlighted. With further help coming from people like Rick Robinson of the Montgomery County (Md.) Department of Recreation, the Crusher story will not end with SI coverage. The most significant pleasure of the story for me was realizing that a national magazine of the magnitude of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* found the time and space to cover a warming story about an unfamiliar group in an unfamiliar sport. You gave credit to a man—Bob Thompson—who is making a big difference. There are hundreds more like him out there. Keep finding them.

ALLAN D. EISEL
Olney, Md.

Sir:

An *Uplifting Experience* was a revelation

to me and an inspiration to thousands of kids who desperately need inspiration and an entrée into the challenging and healthy world of sport. Never has *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* been more illustrious. Thanks.

PAUL HACKETT
Columbus, Ga.

DENIS

Sir:

It was a pleasure to see Denis Potvin on your April 16 cover. I hope to see him on the cover again in a few weeks, holding the Stanley Cup for the Islanders.

MARIO VAKSHTAL
Hartsville, N.Y.

Sir:

I knew from the moment the Islanders finished atop the National Hockey League that there would be a rush to proclaim them as the greatest team ever. William Nack leads the crowd with his article *Undisputed and Unhaunted*.

No one doubts that Denis Potvin is a super player and that he should win the Hart Trophy as the Most Valuable Player. This is also the first year that he has really deserved the Norris Trophy for being the outstanding defenseman. However, people who dare to compare him with Bobby Orr either never saw Orr or have short memories. Neither Potvin nor anyone else can skate, shoot or pass like No. 4, and no one has ever come close, although I believe that a healthy Brad Park is second best.

As long as Orr's No. 4 hangs high in Boston Garden, all players skating below do so in his shadow. Sorry, Denis!

THOMAS DAYSPRING, M.D.
Pompton Lakes, N.J.

Sir:

As a Boston Bruin fan, I have been privileged to see two superstar defencemen, Bobby Orr and Brad Park. In my opinion, Denis Potvin is in the same class.

ROBERT GAUDET
Woburn, Mass.

BULLISH ABOUT HOCKEY

Sir:

It was fine to see the recognition you gave to the talented young players on the Birmingham Bulls (*Bullish over Baby Bulls*, April 9), but the disparaging conclusions about attendance and fan support in Birmingham are incorrect.

A turnout of 5,000 fans a game to watch a team struggle to its third straight mediocre WHA finish in a city in which ice skating is a novelty and ice hockey virtually unknown is not exactly bad. And your reporter neglected to emphasize that attendance during the first

continued



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19TH HOLE (continued)

two years of the Bulls' continued slide isn't considerably higher.

I've had season tickets for Bulls' games for three years now, even though each game means a round trip of 120 miles. A fellow who sits near me, and to my knowledge has missed only one game in three years, also drives a long distance. There is strong support for hockey and for the Bulls in Birmingham, and there would be much stronger support if we were to get a glimpse of NHL stars such as Lafleur, Esposito, Trottier, Dionne et al in a few games each season. It has been marvelous to see Bobby Hull and Gordie Howe.

The fans who will miss the Bulls and big league hockey in Birmingham are many, not few. Birmingham is a sports town, enjoying the Crimson Tide but loving all sports.

WYTHE HOLT
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sir

Even though the Birmingham Bulls averaged only 5,000 fans this year, 4,000 of them were hard-core hockey fanatics whose rebel yells would have inspired Robert E. Lee to try a few slap shots. One day Birmingham will earn itself a chance to have a team in the National Hockey League.

SPENCER SALMON
Birmingham

RODED RIDER

Sir

Giles Tippetts's article (*Going down the Road*, April 2) brought back many memories to this old "Sears and Roebuck" cowboy (I spent more money on beer, doctors and entry fees than I ever won). We lived on "cowboy steak" (beefsteak), "borrowed" gas and the hope that we'd finally win a buckle down the road. Tippetts's article describes 90% of the cowboys I knew. In rodeo it is fulfilling just to have been down the road.

"CAGLES" JACK MILLER
Orinda, Wash.

ANCHORS AWEIGH!

Sir

After reading Coles Purnoy's account and seeing Andrew Myer's all-encompassing illustrations of the Ensenada race (*Captains Outrageous*, April 2), I removed the plumbing from my bathtub and plugged the drain with a must. Then I sewed some old sheets together for a sprinaker. And now I'm in the process of getting out my electric fan, jellyfishing bucket and water wings. As soon as I pick up a quart of tequila and a couple of cases of beer, I'm heading for Ensenada by land, sea or air.

Captains Outrageous is a classic article. Thank you for publishing it.

EDWARD E. ECKER
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

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